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TAKE NOTICE!-Captain Mayne Reid's new story, "THE SPECTRE BARQUE: A Tale of the Pacific," commences this week! Having been written expressly for the Saturday Journal, it will appear in America in serial form only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer, to save them a copy of the Saturday Journal regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this thrilling tale. All who have read (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this, his last and best!



The other two guests are still seated at the table, head and foot-facing one another. And, oh, God, such guests!

CHAPTER L

THE CHASE.

In mid-ocean—the Pacific. Two ships within sight of one another, less than a league apart. Both are sailing before the wind, running dead down it. Not side by side, but one in the wake of the other. Both have full canvas spread, even to sky

and studding-sails. Is it a chase?

To all appearance it is. A probability strengthened by the relative size and character One is a barque, polacca-masted, her masts raking back with the acute shark's-fin set supposed to be characteristic of the pirate.

The other is a ship, three-masted and fullsized, a row of real, not painted ports, with a gun grinning out of each, proclaiming her a

The flag at her peak is one known all over the world—the "Stars and Stripes."

The polacea also carries a flag; but one whose nationality can not be so easily determined. Still is it the ensign of a naval power, though one of little note. The five-pointed white star, solitary in a blue field, proclaims it the national colors of Chili.

Why should an American frigate be chasing a Chilian barque? There is no war between the great Republic of the North and her Southern sister; but peace treaties and relations of the most amicable kind. Were the polacea flying a flag of blood-red, or black with a death's-head and cross-bones, the chase would be intelligible. But the bit of bunting at her masthead shows nothing on its field either of menace or defiance. On the contrary, it appeals to pity, and asks for aid.

For it is an ensign reversed—in short, a signal of distress.

And yet the ship showing this signal is scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sails set, stays taut, not a rope out of place!

It is a sight common at sea; a ship showing signals of distress. But that such should be signals of distress. But that such saving all sail, running away, or attempting to run away, from another ship making to relieve her—above all from a frigate bearing the

And this the barque has been, still is doing.
Sailing on down the wind, without slacking sail set—ensign reversed—Chilian." halyards, or lessening her spread of canvas by a single inch!

Certainly her behavior is unaccountable. At signal, to all appearance endeavoring to shun least so think the commander of the vessel of them! war and his officers and men, for, in running down the Pacific, they have met and spoken several vessels, some of which reported this

same barque; or, at all events, one answering her description—polacca-masted, all sails set, and showing signals of distress.

A British brig, which the frigate's boat had boarded, said that such a barque had run across her bows, so close they could have thrown a rope to her; that st first no one was seen rope to her; that, at first, no one was seen aboard this barque, but, on being hailed, two nien made their appearance, both springing up to the main-shrouds, and then answering the hail in a language altogether unintelligible, and with hoarse, croaking voices, that resembled the barking of muzzled mastiffs.

It was late twilight when this occurred, nearly night; but the brig's people could distinguish the figures of the two men, as they stood upon the ratines. And what surprised them even more than the odd speech, was that both ap-peared to be clothed in skin-dresses, covering hem all over from head to foot!

The brig, seeing the signal of distress, would have sent a boat aboard; but the barque gave her no chance, running on without slacking sail, or showing any other sign of a wish to

Standing by itself, the tale of the brig's crew might have been taken for a sailor's yarn; and as they admitted it to be "nearly night," the obscurity would account for the skin-clothing. But, coupled with the report of another vessel the frigate had spoken, a whaler, even this seemed to receive corroboration.

The words that came through the whaler's trumpet were: "Barque sighted, latitude 10:22 S., longitude 95 W. Polacca-masted. All sail set. Ensign reversed. Chilian. Men seen on board covered with red hair, supposed skin-dresses. Tried to come up, but could not. Barque a fast sailer

went away down the wind.' Already in receipt of such strange intelli-gence, no wonder at the frigate's crew feeling something more than mere surprise at the sight of a vessel, corresponding to that about which the tale has been told. For they are now near enough the barque to see that she answers

from those who wish to answer her appealing sea around her smooth as a swan-pond!

Only now has the chase in reality commenced Hitherto the frigate was but keeping her own course. But the signal of distress, just sighted through the telescope, has drawn her on; and, with canvas crowded, she steers straight for the

The latter is unquestionably a fast sailer; but, although too swift for the whaler, she is not a match for the man-of-war, but the chase is

likely to be a long one.

As it continues, and the distance does not seem very much, or very rapidly diminishing, the frigate's crew begin to doubt whether that craft will ever be overhauled or overtaken. On the fore deck sailors stand in groups, mingled with marines, their eyes bent upon the retreating barque, pronouncing their comments in muttered tones, and with brows overcast.

A fancy has sprung up around the forecastle, that the chased ship is no ship at all, but a spectarly

This fancy is gradually growing into a belief, faster as they draw nearer, and with naked eye note her correspondence with the reports of the

They have not yet seen the skin-clad men—if men they be. About this there are doubts, fancies, fears. More like, say some of the more superstitious, they will prove to be specters!

The captain, surrounded by his officers, stands glass in hand gazing at the sail ahead.

The frigate, though a fine war-vessel, is not one of the fastest sailers, else she might ere this have lapped upon the polacca. Still, has she been gradually gaining, and is now less than a

But the breeze has been also gradually de-clining, which is against her; and for the last

hour she has rather lost than gained.

To compensate for this, she has let out studding-sails on all her yards, even to the royals; and again makes promise soon to bring the chase to a termination.

But again is there disappointment. In five minutes after, the frigate's sails are flapping against the masts, and her flag hangs half-fold-In five more the sails only show motion by an occasional clout; while the flag droops dead

And in ten minutes time the huge war ship, And her behavior is as reported: sailing away despite her spread canvas, lies motionless—the

CHAPTER II. BECALMED.

A CALM coming so suddenly, just at a crisis when there were hopes of the frigate overtaking the chased vessel—what can this mean? Old sailors shake their heads, and refuse to make answer; while younger ones, less cautious of speech, boldly pronounce the barque a specter!
The legends of the Phantom Ship and Flying
Dutchman circulate from lip to lip, as they
stand straining their eyes after the still receding vessel, for clearly is she sailing on, with waves rippling around her!

rippling around her!

"As I told ye, mates," says an old tar, "we'd never catch up with that craft—not if we stood after her till doomsday. And doomsday it might be for us, if we did."

"I hope she'll keep on, and leave us a good spell to leeward," rejoins a second. "It's a foolish thing followin' her; and, for my part, I hope we now't catch up with her."

hope we won't catch up with her.'

"You need have no fear about that," says the first speaker. "Just look at her! She's making way yet! I believe she can sail as well without wind as with it.

Scarce are the words spoken, when, as if to contradict them, the sails of the polacca commence clouting against the masts; while her flag, hitherto spread, becomes no longer distinguishable as a signal of distress. The breeze that has failed the frigate is now also dead around the barque; and she too lies becalm-

'What do you make her out, Mr. Black?'

"What do you make her out, Mr. Black?" asks the captain of his first lieutenant, as both stand with leveled glasses.
"Not any thing, sir," replies the lieutenant; "except that she shows the Chilian ensign reversed. I can't see face or figure of man aboard of her. Just now I noticed something over the taffrail that looked like a head. But it ducked suddenly, and has not shown again." it ducked suddenly, and has not shown again.

A short silence succeeds, the officers busied

sight of the head spoken of.

The frigate's commander at length speaks:

"Well, gentlemen, I must say this is singular. In all my experience at sea, I don't remember having met any thing like it. What trick the Chilian barque—if she be Chilian—is up to, I can't guess, for the life of me. It can not be a case of privateering or piracy. The thing has no guns; and if she had, she appears to have no men to handle them. It's a riddle to have no men to handle them. It's a riddle to his officers with a proud expression upon

all round; and to get the reading of it, I sup pose we'll have to send a boat to her."
"I don't think we'll get a very willing crew

sir," says the first lieutenant, suggestively. "The men forward are quite superstitious about the chase; and think she may prove to be either the Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman. When the boatswain pipes for a boat's crew, I fancy some of them will feel as if his whistle was a signal for them to walk the plank."

The remark causes the captain to smile, along with the other officers. Two of the officers, however, abstain from this exhibition of merriment. They are the third lieutenant and one of the midshipmen—on both of whose brows a cloud sits, seeming to grow darker each moment. They are both, evidently, intensely interested in the strange craft.

"Isn't it strange," continues the commander, musingly, "that your genuine tar, who will board an enemy's ship, crawling across the muzzle of a shotted gun—who has no fear of death in human shape, will act like a scared child when it threatens him in the guise of the Devil? I have no doubt, as you say, Mr. Black, that those fellows by the forecastle are a bit shy about boarding the barque. Come, gentlemen! let me show you how to send their shyness adrift. I know them well, and can do with a single word!

The captain steps forward, the other officers

following him.
When within speaking distance of the forward-deck, he stops, and makes sign that he has something to say. The tars are all atten-

"My lads!" exclaims their commander, "you see that barque we've been chasing; and at her mast-head a flag reversed—which you all know to be a signal of distress? That is a signal never to be disregarded by an American hip - much less an American man-of-war. Lieutenant! order a boat to be lowered, and with their binoculars, endeavoring to catch sight of the head spoken of.

The frigate's commander at length speaks:

"Well, gentlemen, I must say this is singu-

and while its echoes are still resounding through the ship, the whole frigate's crew seem crowding toward the main-deck. There are scores of volunteers, enough to man all the

boats aboard. " Now, gentlemen !" says the captain, turning

face, "there's the Yankee sailor for you. I've said he fears not man. And when humanity makes call, you see neither is he frightened at

A second cheer at the close of the speech mingled with good-humored remarks, though not any loud laughter. The sailors simply acknowledge the compliment their captain paid them; at the same time feeling that the moment is too sacred for merriment. Too solmoment is too sacred for merriment. emn besides; for their instinct of humanity is yet under control of the weird feeling.

As the captain turns aft to the quarter, many of them fall away toward the fore-deck, till the group of volunteers for boarding becomes great-

Still stay enough to man the largest boat in

"What boat is it to be?"

The question asked by the first-lieutenant, as

he follows the captain aft.
"The cutter," answers his superior, adding:
"I think, Mr. Black, there's no necessity for sending any other boat. The cutter's crew will be sufficient. As to any fear of hostility on board the barque, that is absurd. We could blow her out of water with a single broadside." "Who is to command the cutter, sir?"

The captain reflects, with a look cast inquir-His eye falls upon the third-lieutenant, who

stands near, seemingly courting the glance.
It is short and decisive. He knows the third officer to be a thorough seaman, and though young, capable of any duty, however delicate or Without any further hesitation he appoints him to the command of the boarding-

The latter enters upon the service with anxious alacrity-something more than the mere obedience due to discipline.

In a moment he is by the ship's side, superintending the lowering of the cutter

a task already begun. He does not stand at rest, but is seen to help

and hasten it, eager impatience sparkling in his While thus occupied he is accosted by another officer, younger than himself: the mid-

shipman already mentioned.
"Can I go along with you?" he asks, respect-"Certainly, my dear fellow!" responds the lieutenant in friendly, familiar tone; "I shall only be too pleased to have you. But as you

know, you must get the captain's consent. Go The young officer glides aft, sees the frigate's

commander upon the quarter-deck, and saluting

Captain, may I go with the cutter?" "Well, yes," responds the chief; "I have no objection.

Then, after taking a survey of him, he adds "Why do you want to go, young sir?"
The youth blushes without replying. There is a cast upon his countenance that strikes the

questioner, and somewhat puzzles him. But there is no time for either further inquiry or reflection. The cutter is already lowered and rests upon the water. Her crew is crowd-

ing into her, and she will soon be shoved off from the ship. 'Go!" commanded the captain.

yourself to the third-lieutenant, and tell him I sent you. You're young, and, like all youngsters, you want to gain glory, I suppose." The young reefer glides away from the quarter-deck, lightly leaps over the bulwarks, drops down the companion, and takes his seat in the

now waiting cutter, alongside the lieutenant,

Little dreamt his captain dismissing him, that in that young sailor's heart there is a thought very different from what he himself divined that his motive for requesting to be of the cutter's crew is far stronger than any that could be called forth by fame or glory.

CHAPTER III.

THE CUTTER'S CREW.

THE two ships still lie becalmed in the same relative position to one another, having changed from it scarce a cable's length, and lying stem to stern, just as the last breath of the breeze, blown gently against their sail, forsook

On both the canvas is still spread, though not bellied. It hangs limp and loose, giving an occasional flap, so feeble as to show that it proceeds less from a current of air than a mere balancing motion of the vessel. For there is now not enough air stirring to float the feathers in the tail of a tropic-bird.

Both ships are motionless, their forms reflected in the water, so that each has its counterpart, keel to keel. But for the pointing of their masts, and reversed order of their rigging, four vessels might be fancied instead of two.

Between, the sea is smooth as a mirror, with that tranquil calm which has given to the Pacific its distinctive and soft-sounding appellation. "Shove off!" commanded the lieutenant com-

manding the cutter. Parting from the frigate's beam, the trim craft is steered straight for the becalmed barque, while all on board the man-of-war stand watching her, their eyes in turn set upon the strange vessel From the frigate's forward-deck the men have an unobstructed view-especially those clustering around the head. Still there is a league be tween; and with the naked eye this hinders They can but see the white spread sails, and the black hull underneath them. flag, now fallen, is scarce distinguishable from the mast, along which it hangs clinging. They can only tell its color, which is above crimson, with blue and white underneath—the reversed order of the Chilian ensign. Its lone star is no longer visible—nor aught of its heraldry late

But, if their sight fails to furnish them with details, these are amply supplied by their imagination. One can see men aboard the barque;

scores, av. hundreds of them ! After all she may be a pirate; and the upside-down ensign a decoy trick. Upon another tack she may be even a swifter sailing vesse. than she has shown herself before the wind; and, knowing this, has been but playing with the frigate! If so, God help the cutter's crew

These are human fears of the common kind felt, and expressed by many, upon the forward-deck of the frigate. But they are in no proportion to those who cling to a belief in the supernatural.

These stand gazing, now at the boat, now at the barque, expecting every moment to see the former sink beneath the sea; and the latter either tend off or melt into invisible air!

On parting from the ship the cutter has a league of calm sea to be cleft by her keel. A

short league; and she will soon cleave it. Manned by ten strong men, with as many oars propelling, she cuts the water like a knife; at times skimming so lightly as to seem leaping out of it.

The lieutemant, seated in the stern-sheets, with the midshipman by his side, directs the movements of the boat; while his glance is kept constantly upon the barque. So, also, that of the mid. In the eyes of both is an earnes expression, quite different from that of ordinary

The men may not observe it; or, if they do is without comprehension of its meaning.

They can but think of it as resembling their own, and coming from a like cause. For, although with backs turned toward the polacca, they cast occasional glances over their shoulders, in which curiosity is commingled with ap-

prehension. Despite their natural courage, strengthened by the late appeal to their humanity, the awo returning as they took seat in the boat, it in creases as they go further from the ship and nearer to the strange vessel.

Less than half an hour elapses, and they are within a cable's length of the becalmed barque.

"Hold now!" commands the lieutenant. The oar-stroke is promptly suspended, blades held high above the water. The boat ceases way, and rests stationary upon the

All eyes are bent upon the barque; glances swept searchingly along her bulwarks, from poop to prow.

No preparations to receive them! No one

seen—not so much as a single head!

"Barque, ahoy!" hails the lieutenant.

"Barque, ahoy!" is heard in fainter tone. It is no answer. Only the echo of the officer's voice, coming back from the hollow timbers of the becalmed vessel. Then there is a grim silence, more profound than ever. For the men in the boat ceased muttering, their awe so intense as to hold them speechless,

Barque, shoy !" again shouts the lieutenant, louder than before. But with like result. As before only echoes.

There is either no one aboard, or no one who thinks worth while to answer.

The first supposition seems absurd, looking at the sail; the second equally so looking at the flag, and taking into account its character. A third hail from the officer, this time voci-ferated in loudest voice, with the interrogatory

"Any one aboard?" To the question no reply, any more than to the hail. Silence continues.

The men in the boat begin to doubt the evi dence of their senses. Is there a ship before their eyes? Or is it all a delusion?

How can a vessel be under sail—full sail—without crew aboard of her? And if any, why does no one show at her side? Why does the hail thrice spoken—loudly shouted—remain un-answered? The last time loud enough to have been heard in the hold. It should have awak-

ened even a sailor asleep in the forecastle!
"Give way again!" cries the lieutenant.
"Bring up on the larboard side, coxswain; unler the fore-chains."

The oars are dipped, and the cutter propelled

Scarce is she in motion when once more the lieutenant calls, "Hold!"

With his voice mingle others coming from on

poard the barque. Her crew seem at length to have awaked out of their sleep or stupor. noise is heard upon her deck, as of a scuffle, accompanied by cries of strange intonation. Soon two heads, apparently human, show above the bulwarks; their faces flesh-colored,

and thinly covered with hair. Then the whole bodies appear, also human-like, save that they are hairy all over—hair of a foxy-red! They spring up the shrouds inside; and, clutching the ratlines, shake them with quick

violent jerks, at the same time uttering what appears angry speech, in an unknown tongue, and harsh, croaking voice, as if chiding off the Only a short way up the shrouds, just as far

as they could spring from the deck. Only a little while there. Then they drop down again, lisappearing as suddenly as they had shown themselves The lieutenant's command was a word thrown

away. Without it t tinued their stroke. Without it the men would have discon-

They have done so, and sit with bated breath. eyes strained, ears listening, and lips mute—as if all had been suddenly struck dumb!

the barque—silence everywhere; the only sound being the "drip-drop" of the water, as it falls from the feathered oar-blades.

CHAPTER IV. ABOARD.

For a time the cutter's crew remain speech ess, not one of them essaying to speak a word They are so less from surprise, than sheer, stark

This is depicted on their faces, and no wonder. A ship manned by hairy men-a crew of veritable Oisons! One alone musters courage sufficient to speak

in a half-whisper: Great God, shipmates, what can it all

But this superstitious fear, pervading the cutter's crew, does not extend to the two officers. They too have their fears, but of a different kind, and from a different cause. As yet neither has communicated to the other what he himself thinks. The appearance of the red men upon the rathines—strange to the sailors seems to have made things more intelligible to them. Judging by the expression upon their faces, both comprehend what has puzzled their companions; and with a sense of anxiety more than fear-more doubt than dismay.

The lieutenant speaks "Give way! Quick! Pull in! Head on for the fore-chains!" His manner is excited; he is nervously impa-

The men execute the order slowly, and with evident reluctance, but they obey; and soon the prow of the boat strikes the barque abeam. "Grapple on!" sings out the senior officer

soon as touching.

A boat-hook takes grip in the chains; and the cutter, swinging round, lies at rest along-

The lieutenant is already on his feet, as also The former, ordering the coxswain to follow and the men to remain steady at their oars, leaps up to the chains, lays hold of them, and

lifts himself aloft. With like alacrity the reefer follows; and after him the coxswain.

Obedient to orders, the men remain in the boat, still seated upon the thwarts, in wonder at the reckless daring of their officers-at the

same time silently admiring it.

Balancing himself on the bulwarks, steadied by a stay, the lieutenant looks down upon the deck of the polacca. His glance sweeps it forward, aft, and amidships; ranging from stem to stern, and back again. Nothing seen there to explain the strangeness

of things-nothing heard! No sailor on her fore-deck, nor officer on her quarter. Only the two strange beings that have already shown themselves on the shrouds. These are still visible, one of them standing

by the main-mast, the other crouching near the caboose. Both again give out their jabbering speech, accompanying it with gestures of me-

Disregarding this, the lieutenant leaps down apon the deck, and makes toward them; the nid and coxswain keeping close after him. At his approach, the hirsute monsters retreat, not scared-like, but with a show of defiance, as

tention to their demonstrations; and the move-ment aft is not made for them! Both seem excited by other thoughts - something els urging them on. Alone the coxswain is mystified by the hairy men, and some little alarmed; but without speaking, he follows his superiors. the officers must pass the caboose going aft. Its sliding panel is open; and getting opposite, the three men come to a stand, a faint are in the first stand as faint are in the first stand as faint are in the first stand as faint are in the first standard as faint as fa three men come to a stand, a faint cry issuing

out of the cook's quarters.

Looking in, they behold a startling spectacle. On the bench in front of the galley fire which shows as if long extinguished—sits a man bolt upright, his back against the bulkhead. Is it a man, or only the dead body of one? Certainly it is a human figure; or, speaking more precisely, a human skeleton with the skin still on—this as black as the coal-cinders in the grate in front of it.

It is a negro, and living; for at sight of them he shows motion, and makes an attempt to

Only the coxswain stays to listen, or hear what he has to say. The others hurry on aft making straight for the cabin. It is 'tween-decks, approached by a stairway. Reaching this, they rush down, and stand before the door, which they find shut. Only closed, not locked. It yields to the turning of the

handle; and opening, gives them admission.

They enter hastily, without ceremony or announcement. Once inside, they as quickly ome to a stop, both looking aghast. The spec tacle in the caboose was naught to that now before their eyes. That was only startling.

This is appalling. It is the main-cabin they have entered; not large one, for the polacea has not been intended to carry passengers. Still it is snug, and large enough to give room to a table, six feet by four. Such a one stands in its center, its legs fixed in the floor; with four chairs around

it, also fast. On the table are decanters and dishes, along side glasses and plates. It is a dessert-service; and on the dishes are fruits, cakes and sweetmeats—with fragments of these upon the plates. The decanters contain wines of different sorts; and there is the same in the glasses, some of

them part full. There are four sets of them, corresponding to the four chairs; where, to all appearance, four guests had been seated at dessert. Two of the chairs are empty; as if those who occupied them had retired from the table, either to an inner state-room or on deck.

It is the side-chairs that are empty; and a fan lying on one, with a scarf over the back of that pposite, proclaim their late occupants to have been ladies.

The other two guests are still seated at the table, head and foot-facing one another. And, oh, God, such guests!

Both are men; unlike him in the caboose, they are white. But, like him, they too appear in the extreme of emaciation; jaws with the skin drawn tightly over them, cheek-bones promi nent, chins protruding, and eyes sunken in

Not dead either, for their eyes, glancing and glaring, still show life. There is no other evidence of it. Sitting stiff in their chairs, rigidly erect, they make no attempt to stir, no motion of either body or limbs, but look as if from both all strength had departed, their famished figures showing the last

tages of starvation! And this in front of a table furnished with choice wines, fruits, and other comestibles; in short, loaded with delicacies!

What can it all mean? Not this question, but a cry from the lips of the two officers, as they stand regarding the mysterious tableau.

Only for an instant. Then the lieuter side, and calls out: "Back to the ship, and bring the surgeon

Quick, cutters! Quick!"
The boat's crew, obedient, push off with unusual alacrity. They are but too glad to get away from the weird spot.

As they pull back to the frigate, with faces

turned toward the barque, and eyes searchingly bent upon her, they see naught there to give them a clue to the conduct of their officers in any way elucidate the series of mysteries, now prolonged into a chain.

And, as they recede from the strange vessel, one of them—still clinging to the belief that she is a specter-shakes his head, saying : 'Shipmates! we may never see that lieuten ant again, nor that young reefer, nor the old cox-never!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CUTTER'S RETURN.

MEANWHILE, on board the man-of-war, all stand regarding the barque, at the same time watching the movements of the boat. Only those who have glasses can see what is

bassing, and this but indistinctly. For the day is not a bright one. Besides, there is a haze over the sea hindering observation. It has arisen after the fall of the wind; perhaps caused by the calm, the increased heat drawing evapor ation from the surface-water. It is but a film; yet at such a distance inter-fering with the view through the telescopes.

Those who are there can just tell that the cutter has closed in upon the strange vessel, and is lying alone under the foremast shrouds. Some of her crew seem to swarm up the chains as if boarding. This can not be told for certain. The haze

around the barque is more dense than elsewhere, as if steam were passing off from her sides, and through the reek objects show confusedly. While the frigate's officers are straining their eyes to make out the movements of the cutter, of sharper sight than the rest cries out:

'See! the boat is coming back!' Certainly she has shoved off from the side. nd the men are in motion bending to their oars. She has separated from the strange vessel, and is rowing back, beyond doubt.

All see it now, and with some surprise. It is not ten minutes since she grappled on. Why such sudden separation? While they are conjecturing as to its cause, the same officer again sees something that has escaped the observation of the others. There

are but eight oars, instead of ten—the regula-tion strength of the cutter; and ten men where before there were thirteen. Three of the boat's crew are missing! This need not cause alarm, nor to the fri-

rate's officers does it, that the three have gone aboard the barque; and for some reason, whatever it be, elected to stay there. They know their brother officer to be not only a brave man, but one of quick decision and prompt action. In this case it is as might be expected. He has boarded the distressed parque, discovered the cause of distress, and sent the cutter back to bring whatever is needed for her relief. Thus reasons the quarter-

It is different before the mast. There have not scared-like, but with a show of defiance, as sprung up suspicions about the missing men; if disposed to contest possession of the deck. fears that some misfortune may have happened

might use other and less noiseless weapons. The tale of the skin-clad men gives color to this suggestion. But then their own men went armed, the cutter's crew, in addition to their cutlasses, being provided with boarding-pistols. Had they been attacked, they would not have retreated without discharging them—no, All the more mystery; and, pondering upon it, the frigate's crew fall back to their faith in the supernatural. Surely is the polacca a spec-

Meanwhile the cutter is making way across the stretch of calm sea separating the two ves-sels; and although less than her full complement of oars, she is cleaving the water quickly. The movements of the men indicate excitement and show them pulling with all their strength -as if rowing in a regatta.

Soon they are near enough to be individually istinguished; and it is seen that neither of the officers are in the boat. Nor yet the coxswain one of the displaced oarsmen having hold of the tiller-ropes.

This is a little strange. At least the mid should have come back in charge of the boat. Still it is not much, and the frigate's officers dismiss it from their minds. They are all too anxious to hear the views, the report expected rom the strange vessel. Whether a tale of distress or not, it can not fail to be interesting.

As the boat forges nearer, and the filmy haze ess obscures their vision, they can distinguish the faces of the two men seated in the stern-sheets. They can see that they are pallid, with an expression between doubt and fear, which o one can interpret

No one tries. All stand silently waiting. The cutter at length comes alongside, sweeping past the bows, and bringing up on the frigate's starboard beam, under the main-chains. The officers step forward along the gangway and stand looking over the bulwarks; the men come crowding aft, as far as permited.

The curiosity of all receives a check—an abrupt disappointment. There is no news from the barque, save the meager scrap contained in the lieutenant's order: "Bring the surgeon."

Beyond this the cutter's crew know nothing. Yes, something. They have seen the hairy men! Seen and heard them, though without understanding a word of what these had said.
Two of the strange beings had rushed up the
shrouds, shook the ratlines, and shouted at the

cutter's people, as if scolding them off!

They had heard them jabbering at the oficers, after these went aboard; and, on pulling away from the polacca, they could see them standing upon her poop, just abaft the binnacle! The tale spreads like wildfire through the frigate, fore and aft, quick as a train of gunpowder, ignited. It is everywhere talked of

and commented on.

On the quarter it is deemed strange enough: while forward it has further strengthened the thought already rife—the belief in something weird, supermundane. They give credulous ear to the sailor, again

repeating what he has said in the boat, using the same words: "We may never see that lieutenant again that young reefer, nor the old cox—never!"

The boding speech seems as if a prophecy, soon to be realized—if not so already. Scarce

has it passed his lips, when a cry rings through the ship, that startles all aboard—thrilling them more intensely than ever. While the men have been speculating upon the message brought back from the barque, exchanging conjectures upon it, while the officers has been hastening its execution—the surgeon getting out his instruments, with such epitomized pharmacopæia as the occasion seems to

forgotten, or unthought of.

The cry raised recalls her to their minds. springing back up the stairway, rushes on to the causing them to rush toward the frigate's side, places over the foam-wet hide. and bend their eyes upon the barque.

No, not on her. That they can not do. Only in the direction where she was last seen. to the astonishment of most, and the terror of many, the polacea has disappeared!
(To be continued.)

call for—the strange vessel has been for a time

THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS. A TALE OF THE TIDES OF LOVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR. AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "REI BOORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULISS, THE BUNCHBACK," "OAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TAL-ISMAN," "BLACK GRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DEVIL OR ANGEL? "FAILURE-failure!" were the words of the voman, as she gazed on the young man's palm.
"Failure!" exclaimed Gowan; "what do

ou mean by that, hag?" 'It is written that you would come herecome on a strange mission. The stars have told—the stars; and 'failure' is lettered on this hand which I hold in mine."

"Out! Come, Yost-she is drunk." "Wait a moment. Let her finish her talk."
"A confounded gabble!" the lawyer pro-

"Oh-o! I see it now." croaked she, unheeding Gowan's impatience. "There's a scheme foot; a deep-laid scheme. See: these lines mean plots—and that spot, where the curved lines cross, is an heir that will come to claim a

grand estate. Here's money. They looked at each other with a start of surprise, and the moody-faced lawyer became sudlenly attentive.

Her speech of heirs, estates and money awakened an interest in him. "Well, hag?—go on."
"But, there's more," resumed Bec., in her

low, weird, croaking voice; "here are vexa-tions—and they are many. You are aspiring high, young man; there's something, of golden value, you wish to attain. But, I said 'failure, just now, and the word is glaring here."
"Do you hear, Gowan?"

"Yes. I say she is drunk. Let us move, and be rid of her." You are about to undertake something,

went on the fortune-teller. "There is an heir coming from somewhere—perhaps you claim to be the one. But, mark well the words of Bec. Foara-for she reads the secrets of the firma ment, and the future, to her, is like a printed Listen: this is what I read in the hand

"A handsome man will travel far
To claim St. Sylvin's broad estate;
But his is not the lucky star
That guides men on to fortune's gate!

"For he who first shall tread the hall He seeks to own—his fortune flies; In failure all his plots shall fall— Another claimant wins the prize! 90-I have earned my silver-piece."

"By a dismal prophecy, I swear!" exclaimed Yost "Begone, you witch!" cried Gowan, angrily,

"I've got enough of it myself," the young gambler said. "Her fortune-telling doesn't bode much good for our plans."
"Pah! It's all nonsense."

"But, she seemed actually to know what brought us here. She said that the first claimant would fail, and another heir would come forward and be successful. Did you mark

Stuff, I say !" "Are there other aspirants to the heritage besides myself?" continued Yost, persistently,

and much to Gowan's annoyance. "Curse the babbling witch!" was the only return. Bec. watched them till they had dismounted

near the porch, and turned their horses over to a ready slave. Then, going to the bush, she said: "Max, stay here, and watch those men. Re-

member all you see them do, and try to hear what they say. To-night, when it is dark, bring me word of all that happens. They are the enemies of the man with the scar." "Then Max 'll watch 'em close, for they must be Max's enemies too. My eyes will be on them, like the hawk's, as it soars near its prey. When the birds have gone to sleep, and the owl hoots in the woods, then I'll be at the

cabin, swift as the shooting-star; and I'll bring "Watch close," was the parting admonition of old Bec., moving away—not hobbling crip-pled-like, as she had appeared a few moments before; but erect and supple, as if her years were but a feather's weight in the scale of her

rigor, she hurried along at a rapid gait. Max directed his attention to the mansion Skulking behind the trees, he began cautiousy to approach the parlor windows. Immense rowths of the running rose and arbor-vite tangled here against the porch and wall; and he meant to gain the thick screen, where he could

spy upon the doings of those within. The youth had nearly reached the hidingplace when his ears were startled by a piercing cream. It was close to him-he wheeled and beheld a female form, with pallid, frightened face, fleeing as if for life.

It was Cora.

Behind her—its great eyes fiery with wicked-

ness, its nozzle foaming, and long horns lowered to the charge-was a mad bull in full chase. The hoofs of the infuriated animal thundered on the sward, and its huge body plunged forward, at that moment, almost onto the object of pursuit. Again the shriek of terror echoed through

the grove.

Transfixed for a second only, Max uttered a loud cry, and sprung forward.

Tearing off his red jacket, he waved it in the very face of the bull, and endeavored to draw it from its course. He was successful. With a snort of fury, it made for him. But Max darted quickly aside,

and escaped the deadly lunge of the horns.

Again the beast charged upon him; and again the boy eluded his fierce foe—crying to Cora to run for her life. But, she seemed powerless to move. She stood, with whitened face and straining eyes, gazing on the scene; and her hands involunta-rily clasped in a dread that the preservation of

her own life was to result in the sacrifice of "Run! Run!" shouted Max, as he jumped

away from before the snorting, plunging, death-bent enemy, for the twentieth time. He was growing tired. His exertion was too much. Already he was panting for breath; and yet the bull fought at him, as if its own madness and redoubling rage made it stronger, more dangerous in the strange conflict.

The dagger that Max ever carried, was gleaming in circles in the air; by many an adroit spring, he had buried the bright blade in But, it could not last for long-he tripped; and, in an instant, the monster, with a roar, was

dashing upon his prostrate form.

Cora clapped her hands to her eyes in terror.

Crack! burst the report of a rifle. A bellowing scream issued from the red throat of the bull, and it paused, with limbs apart, head hung, and eyes ablaze.

The whiz and thud of a bullet! A gush of

blood from the very center of the hairy "The man with the scar!" hallooed Max, regaining his feet, and flying to a place of safety.
"The man with the scar has saved Max's life again! Ho! ho! won't the ravens crow when they hear how somebody saved the poor mad Cora, aroused by the sound of the shot, and the delighted tones of the youth, looked up and

around her. As she did so, she could not suppress a sharp exclamation, recoiling with it:
"Hendrick Wayn!" He was standing near her, contemplating her with a gaze, half-calm, half-stern.
"Yes, siren—false one—it is I! I witnessed your peril, and would have saved you. But this poor mad fellow did that, and my bullet

sped in his service instead." "See!" cried the youth, joining them, and pointing toward the bull. The wounded brute was staggering; its massive body quivered, and its limbs shook beneath it. Then it sunk to the ground in a limp heap, expiring by throes.
"I am glad I do not owe my life to you, Hen-

drick Wayn.' drick Wayn."

"Hendrick Wayn died some time ago," he corrected, meaningly. "I am Hendrick Weston. I would have saved your life, Cora St. Sylvin, for purposes of my own. I want my revenge. Once, I was ready to grovel at your feet—you remember: the old time, when you will do your life to mine and swoot to the same and some time to mine and swoot to the same and some time to mine and swoot to the same and some time to mine and swoot to the same and swoot to the yielded your lips to mine and swore eternal fidelity to our vows. An oath as false as the lips I kissed. I am living only for revenge—nothing more; and I will have it, if it takes my own blood as its price! You have planted a thorn in my bosom, that can only be drawn out by a joy at seeing you suffer as you have made me suffer—seeing you tortured by the same agonies that have made my existence wretched. You love my brother. You foolishly imagine that you can win him—ha! ha! ha! Go on,

Cora St. Sylvin; my triumph is sure to come, and you will, one day, learn how a man can "Your hate can never equal mine for you!" she said, between locked teeth.
"You think not? Wait. I will have my

triumph; and I will yet see you in the tears of relenting—miserable in the retribution of your heartlessness. I have sworn it shall be so !" Without deigning to retort, and with lips curling scornfully, she turned from him abrupt-But Max stood directly in her path. His

But Max stood directly in her path. His dazzling eyes were feasting on her beauty; his brown face was all aglow.

"Sweet Bird," he said, giving her the name, "you haven't thanked me yet. Why, the owl with the broken leg promised not to hoot at me any more, when I picked it up tenderly in the woods, and made it a bed of pine; and the songsters in the forest always praise me, when I tell them stories about the dream I had so

I tell them stories about the dream I had so long ago. Why don't you thank me, Sweet Bird?—and I'll tell the zephyrs in the meadow

she said, warmly:
"I do thank you, boy; for I owe my life to you. I shall always remember you; and if I ever can, I will repay you for what you have done. Here—take this ring. Keep it as long as you live; and remember, it was given you by Cora St. Sylvin."

She drew a heavy ring, with a pearl cross set, from one of her fingers, and gave it to him. Then, with another glance of scorn and contempt at Hendrick Weston, who was a silent listener to what passed, she hurried in the di-

rection of the house.

"To think that I ever professed a love for that man!" she fairly hissed. "Him—a foundling! a gambler! Pah!" Max was gazing at the ring; his eyes spar-kled with delight as he looked down on the

gift.
"What a pretty thing!" he murmured, holding it first one way, and then another. "Cora St. Sylvin! Cora St. Sylvin!—St. Sylvin? That's the name I heard in the glad dream I had so long ago-and the birds whistled merrily as they played in the sunbeams near the feet of a beautiful woman. 'Sweet Bird's' face is very much like the woman's I saw in the dream. And isn't she pretty?—ho! beautiful!'

"Max—Max, beware of the woman who

gave you that ring," advised Weston. The mad youth appeared astonished; and as he looked up and saw the deep, dark frown in Weston's face, he felt awed.

Why, she is an angel!" the boy said, whis-"A devil!" Hendrick exclaimed; and whirling round on his heel, he left Max looking after

A devil?" he muttered, presently; "no-no -devils are uglier than the nasty bats that fly in the night, with split feet, and faces black and full of evil, 'Sweet Bird' is pretty—pretty—pretty!"

CHAPTER VII.

NOT WITHOUT A BATTLE. MADAME ST. SYLVIN was still sitting in the large, comfortable chair, muttering strangely to herself, when a slave entered, bearing a card.

'What's this, Nannie ?—a visitor?' "Yes, madame." She had no sooner read the name upon the card, than she betrayed great confusion. Her sickly-pale face reddened, and she stared at the

slave girl incredulously.

"Jaspar Gowan!—he here! The villain!
Bid him begone, Nannie. Tell him I am not
to be seen. Have him put out of the house. How does he dare! Go—quick."

Madame's outburst terminated in a fit of

violent coughing; and the slave gaped at her,

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed the old lady, between gasps. "Go and tell him to leave my house! I won't see him—"

"Yes, you will see him, Ermine St. Sylvin," broke in the grating voice of Jaspar Gowan; and that individual appeared in the doorway. Yost was behind the lawyer, looking over the

latter's shoulder. Madame was choking with anger. Her dim eyes brightened wonderfully as she fixed them, glaringly, on the intruders.

"Leave the room!" ordered Gowan, addressing the slave; and when the girl was out of sight and hearing, he came forward with a pompous air, while Yost followed him, swag-

I say you will hear us," he repeated, throwing himself into a chair before her. "We have business together; an old score to settle.

years ago you defied and abused me, when I merely asked you to fulfill your part of a contract between us. Now, it is my turn." "What do you mean?" she demanded, a little huskily Age had not damped the fires of passion in

the spirit of Madame St. Sylvin. The hand that held the crooked cane was trembling with a half-curbed excitement; her cheeks were colored—an unusual thing for her—by the presence, the confident bearing, the significant tone of Jaspar Gowan.
"You well know what I mean," Gowan said,

with a nod. "Yost?"

"Ay, sir."
"Listen! I am going to tell you why I have spent so much money and labor in finding you. What I am about to say, Mrs. St. Sylvin is already familiar with; but she must be content Madame was silent.

A little over five years ago, Edgar St. Sylvin was dying. He sent for me, to write out his will. When I came, I was intercepted, in this very parlor, by Mrs. St. Sylvin, who made me a very strange proposition.
"Edgar St. Sylvin, her son, was once married

to a Northern beauty, named Constance Fayn-hope. By her he had a child, who was called Cora. But they were not happy together, and when the child was not quite two years old, they separated—he taking Cora. Just after this separation, she had another babe, and died in giving it birth. Edgar came to Myrtleworth. He had not been here a week before he fell in love with the seamstress employed by his mo-ther; and, ere the lapse of another week heard of the death of Constance-he married the girl, whose name was Lozone. By this wife he had a child, whom they called But, Mrs. St. Sylvin was enraged; she felt the dignity of her family insulted by the match-claiming that Lozone was beneath him. From the hour of the marriage ceremony she began to devise means for the separation of the two. At last she succeeded-and so cleverly, that the certificate, record, all were missing. Madame hated Myrtle, at that time, because of Though, ere Myrtle had grown to the age of fifteen years—about the date of the transaction which I shall mention—the child had won its way to the best affections of its Mrs. St. Sylvin had learned that Constance,

the first wife of Edgar, gave birth to another child shortly subsequent to separating from her husband; and she ascertained that the babe, which was a boy, had been christened Mark St Sylvin. Edgar had repented of casting off his second wife; both he and his mother heard that she had had a second child, and died; more, the name of this babe was, also, Mark St She suspected that Edgar meant to bequeath a vast amount to this child by his second wife; and she did not wish it to be so. She offered me ten thousand dollars to arrange the will, so that every thing might revert to Mark St. Sylvin, the heir by Constance—the property and moneys to remain in trust with her until the heir came forward. But I had to deceive Edgar St. Sylvin, for he was still in a condition to read; and her suspicions were correct-he did intend leaving every thing to the child by Lozone, even excluding Myrtle. I wrote two wills: one, in favor of the heir by Lozone, I showed him; the other, in favor of the heir by Constance, I showed Mrs. St. Syl-The first was signed by him. But, when

to sing about you. But," his head drooping sorrowfully, "I'm only a poor, mad thing, they say; so nobody cares."

Cora seized one of his dirty hands, and held it between her own dainty, white palms, while she said, warmly:

The department of the other document, on which I had previously forged an admirable imitation of Edgar's autograph—one that to-day will bear closest inspection. I afterward stole the paper, and have had it ever since. The will to benefit Lozone's child vanished in a most mysterious manner, while we can be a support of the other document, on which I had previously forged an admirable imitation of Edgar's autograph—one that to-day will bear closest inspection. I afterward stole the paper, and have had it ever since. The will to benefit Lozone's child vanished in a most mysterious manner. child vanished in a most mysterious manner, while we were all in the room. At the time it worried me—though it had no date. When I went to Mrs. St. Sylvin, to claim my reward, she laughed at me—offered me a hundred dollars as a price for my services. I remonstrated and pleaded; but she was inexorable. I was maddened. I vowed that I would produce the heir, and impoverish her; for I knew that she really had nothing of her own. And now, madame" lowering upon her as he concluded, madame," lowering upon her as he concluded, "I am about to obtain my satisfaction, my revenge! For, Mark St. Sylvin, the missing heir, is here!"

He pointed to Yost, and his finger quivered with the vehemence of his speech.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed madame, and her voice was clearer than usual, "he is, eh? The heir?—ha! ha! ha! Preposterous! Ridiculous. Why, by your own story the heir must be two years younger than Cora. She is twenty-two, and this scapegrace, whoever he may be, is at least twenty five or six—I can see that even with my old eyes! No—no, Jaspar Gowan, you've made a miss of it. Absurd! Ha! ha! ha!"
"You are mistaken, madame," Yost hastened

to say; "I am not quite twenty yet-" He was interruped.

At one side of madame's chair there was a

small bell, with which she was wont to sum-mon a slave, when needed. She now rung this bell with a terrific force, and the sound pealed out over the whole house.

Instantly the slave, Nannie, came running. "Nannie, Nannie, assist me to leave the room—haste!" and as the mulatto promptly aided her, the old lady went on rapidly: "You've made a miss of it, I say, Jaspar Gowan; you've played a treacherous card. He the heir of my son—when he is older than Cora! Ha! ha!

ha! Preposterous! Nonsense!"
With every step the ferule of her stick thumped upon the carpet in emphasis to her words; and at the door she paused, shaking the | glanced about the room. cane at him.

"Not yet, Jaspar Gowan!-not yet! Nannie, send some one here to show these men to a room. I will tolerate them until to-morrow in nospitality. But they must leave then. Do you understand, sir?"—to Gowan, "you must leave my house to-morrow—you and your scape-grace protege! The heir?—he the heir? Ha!

Tap, tap, tap, tap, rattled the cane on the hall floor, and madame was gone.

Gowan had sat motionless and scowling dur-

ing the outburst that accompanied her departure. Now he sprung from his chair.
"Confusion!" he hissed, between grinding teeth, and striding fretfully up and down the

Rather a bad commencement this," remarked Yost, quietly, lolling back in his seat, and leisurely twisting the ends of his mustache.

"But she shall see!" gritted the lawyer, in a threatening accent. "I will show her that I have not made a miss of it. We will remain here until to-morrow, and then for a legal proceeding.

"I say, though, Gowan, it seems to me we've caught a Tartar."

caught a Tartar."
"Then we will handle her with claws of steel!" was the quiet rejoinder.
"But this age business?"
"What of it?" pausing suddenly before the

"She may make a deal of trouble on that

"What mean you? Have you not the witnessed affidavit of your mother, to prove the date of your birth?"

"Yes," with an uneasy movement.
"Then there'll be no difficulty whatever," re-

suming his striding.

"But you've done a very wrong thing," pursued Yost.

"And what's that?" snap "You have admitted to Madame St. Sylvin that the signature of Edgar, her son, to the will you hold, is a forgery by your own hand—"
"Puff! you can easily swear that you never heard me say any thing of the kind, and there

"Look there." He pointed in the direction

was no one else near. I fear you are mistaken."

Gowan quickly glanced as the other indicated, and beheld a brown face, among the thick vines, peering in at them. It was Max. But the boy vanished as soon

of the open side window.

as he saw he was discovered. The entrance of a negro checked the oath

that rose to Gowan's lips.
"De gen'lemen please to come to deir room?" nquired the slave, respectfully. "Yes," answered the young man. "Show us

Come, Gowan." They followed the African up-stairs, and ere soon alone. As they went, Gowan was muttering: "You'll fight me, eh, Madame St. Sylvin? So do. You'll find Jaspar Gowan to be a man who

never fails in an undertaking.' Yost lighted a cigar and began to smoke iu si-The lawyer sat in an easy-chair, with his keen, snaky eyes bent on the floor. A confused jumble of uncertain, worrying thoughts chased

he could not help recalling the words of the for-tune-teller, uttered within the hour. Was there weight in the Gipsy's talk of failure? The young man puffed at his fragrant Havana, and watched the other covertly And it is apparent, by the brief narration of Jaspar Gowan in the parlor, that Madame St. Sylvin, in sending Richard Wayn in search of the heir, had intended to mislead him, by a

through his brain; and under the circumstances

son, her son's wives, and the children of the latter She held a secret regarding Myrtle, which made the young girl, in her opinion—sweet and good as she was—no fit mate for Wayn; and the reader will perceive, by her utterances in a former chapter, that she was fully resolved to separate the two, for reasons which she deemed highly politic

false assigning of names and acts relative to her

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN SCHEMER. WHEN Myrtle retired to her room, she has-

tened to tear open the envelope with fingers that fairly trembled with impatience. It was but a tiny sheet that she drew forth, and the lines, evidently written in haste, were

"My DEAR MYRTLE:

"I have not been blind. I know that you love me, and I am happy. One day—very soon!—you shall hear of my affection. I am going away on business for your grandmother; myabsence may be for two years. It shall not be for longer than that time. When I return, it will be to offer you my heart and home, and a worship that will last forever. Will you wait?—can you be true?.

"Richard." "RICHARD."

While she devoured the brief sentences, with I turned to Mrs. St. Sylvin and a friend of hers, for their signatures as witnesses, I presented sparkling eyes, her whole face glowed in

blushes, her bosom rose and fell with quickened respiration; a supreme joy was centering in her soul, and her crimson lips parted and moved as if they were molding, without breath, the words

that so thrilled her.
"Can I be true!" she repeated, kissing the wait—oh! so patiently; and day and night! I will bless you, Richard Wayn, for this precious gift!" Then pressing her hands to her eyes, to calm the senses that were whirling in content the manner of the content of th estasy, she murmured:
"Men do not dream how deep is woman's

love!—nor can she tell the more than Heaven created in the kingdom of their affection. But I would die for Richard Wayn to serve him! 'Can I be true! —yes, till death! Hark!"

The sound of hoofs pattering on the drive

aroused her. "It is he—he is going."
She ran to the window and looked out.
Wayn was slowly riding away, and she

watched him with straining, yearning eyes.

As he drew further and further off it seemed to her as if a dark shadow was coming gradualy between them. Her recent joy was being overwhelmed by a strange, oppressive feeling, and aching premonitions framed within her

"Will he not look back?" she panted with a nervous breath. "Oh! for one glance-one more good-by!"

Just then, as if in answer to her prayer, he

urned in his saddle. Leaning over the sill, she waved her hand-kerchief, and tried to smile.

When he was lost to view, she sunk down to the floor and sobbed in a low, pained way.

Myrtleworth was always a lonely place to her; now it was full of a deeper gloom, an atmosphere that weighed heavily on her young

"Oh, Richard Wayn!" she cried, in bitter ness of spirit, "you never knew how much I loved you; and now you are going away. Will you ever come back?"

"Never!" The one word came like a whis-

pered echo, in answer to that question; and it was so real, so voiceful, that she started and

Cera was standing over her.
"Did you speak, Cora?" asked the girl, in "I? Why, no! I just came in. What are you crying about, Myrtle?"

'Oh! Cora, Cora-" She rose to her feet, and leaned in the arms of her sister.

suddenly recollected the warning she had received. "There-don't cry" - disengaging herself.

"I saw you lying on the floor, and came in to see what ailed you." And she added, moving toward the door: "Don't think too much of Richard Wayn, Myrtle; be assured, he cares nothing for you."

This speech cut Myrtle deeply; more, it startled her. She looked quickly up. But her sister was gone

"Cora has penetrated my secret," she mur-mured, regretfully. "How foolish I was to be-tray myself! Ah! where can that note be?" She missed the note, which had fluttered to the carpet when she sunk down near the winter was gone.

In vain she searched for it. It had disap-

peared. Cora St. Sylvin was standing in the center of the room adjoining Myrtle's. In one hand she held a piece of paper, round which her fin-

After her escape from the bull, she entered he house—to stop short, near the parlor door; or the voice of Jaspar Gowan arrested her at-

Again she played the cavesdropper; and she carned much that astonished her, while it set er to wondering

The revelation contained in the lawyer's speech was new to her. And as she hurried on up stairs, to escape detection, she was thinkng on what she had heard.

There was an absent look in her eyes, as she stood there, crunching in her hand the note she had stolen from Myrtle. Her red lips compressed tightly, while she

muttered, scarce audibly: "It's all very strange; what can it mean? Then Myrtle is only my half-sister, and the child of a woman whom grandma hated. Yet grandma has always seemed to love her more than me—ay, she warned Myrtle against me; I heard her." Then, her thoughts involving the

heard her." Then, her thoughts involving the letter-sheet she held: "And Richard Wayne is going in search of the heir, as the price of Myrtle's hand—to make us all poor; while one claiming to be the heir, and my brother, is down stairs this min-ute. But grandma laughed at them; she says it is impossible—this is not the heir. So, if I succeed in winning Richard Wayn, it will deter him from his mission—thus saving us from

the absolute poverty consequent upon the gratification of grandma's foolish whim. You write to Myrtle, eh?—you tell her to wait, and be true? She may have to wait a long, long time, then; for Richard Wayn shall never come ack, if I can prevent it !" She rung her bell. The summons was answered by a young and muscular negro. The slave was a special property of hers, from her father—being devoted

exclusively to serving her, and subject only to "Close the door, Sego; I have something to

When he had obeyed, she continued:
"Sego, I wish to leave Myrtleworth to-morrow night. Can you get horses for us, think

"I guess so, mistress," replied the negro.
"Then listen! I want to go secretly. Do ou comprehend?—no one is to know of my eparture

"If you can manage it, have two swift horses at the gate, at the end of the locust aisle, in time for us to reach the station at Going in the cars, mistress?"

"Yes—to the north. There is a train passes about 10 P. M., I think. We must catch it."

"And the horses?" said Sego, inquiringly. "We can leave them there with some one, can we not?—have them sent back to where they belong? Where will you get horses?"
"At the 'Lion'—the tavern over here,'

jerking a thumb over his shoulder. "Very well. Here is money. Do not fail me. We will each take only a carpet-sack, and buy clothes when we reach our destination. me.

Meantime, be careful not to drop a hint of my I will be guarded, mistress. The horses shall be ready

He pocketed the money which she handed him, and, at a gesture from her, withdrew. "The annuity left me by my grandfather comes in very conveniently now!" she exclaimed when alone. "I will soon be on your track, Richard Wayn; and we shall test the power of woman's charms!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 170.)

Old Hurricane:

THE DUMB SPY OF THE DES MOINES.

A ROMANGE OF THE BLACK-HAWK LANDS. BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "RON SIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-NOTCH, THE DE-STROYER," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XX.

THE CANNON'S BOOM. IT is useless to attempt a description of the rage and anger into which Reckless Ralph was thrown in consequence of his rough usage by Old Hurricane. For fully an hour he lay upon the floor in total darkness, writhing in his bonds for freedom and gasping for breath, for the old hunter had tied a heavy bandage over his mouth. But, when the outlaw got the use of his lungs, his vociferous yells soon brought assistance.

The door of the room had to be burst open, Hurricane having locked it after him and car-ried off the key, and as Cale Thoms went thun-

dering into the room, he asked:

"Why, captain, what does this mean?"

"Mean?" roared Raft, in a fit of rage; "it means you are all a set of cursed louts to let an enemy sneak into the village under your very noses! Bring a light, one of you! That infernal Old Hurricane was concealed in this room when I entered, and he escaped with that wo-

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Thoms.
"Yes, it's more than possible; it's a mystery how that giant ever got into this room."

"Here's a light; we'll soon see!" shouted One of the men had brought a lantern from the court-room, and as he entered the apartment where Raft was, a cry burst from every lip when they caught sight of the jewel-box in the

"There!" hissed the outlaw-chief, throwing all the ferocious passion of his soul into the words; "there is the way in which he got into this room! An infernal, bright set of men those four that brought that box here with a ig traitor in it. I swear I'd shoot them dead

they were here!" "But how came he in the box, captain?"

asked Thoms.

"How would you suppose?" retorted Raft.

"That's the question. You see he couldn't nail himself up in the box. No, he's had help,

"What is it, dear?"

"Richard Wayn!" burst from the lips of the weeping girl; and then she paused, for she the weeping girl; and then she paused, for she "To rescue the girl to be sure." "To rescue the girl, to be sure."
"Then some one must have told Hurricane

where the box was to be deposited; he couldn't have guessed it so exact. So it stands to reason, Judge, that thar's a traitor in camp!"

"Then it is one of the Moles," said Raft, "and see here, boys, the escape of that woman is going to give us trouble, for she knows entirely and the State's price. ough to send every one of us to the State's pri-son for life. She has been taken to that socalled Fort Defiance, and so we must make preparations to kill or capture every devil of

"That's the right talk, captain," shouted hose around him.
After some further conversation, the crowd

ispersed, and soon all became quiet once more The following morning Reckless Ralph sum-noned the Dumb Spy to his room and instructed him as follows:

"Seth, my daughter was released last night by that big hunter called Hurricane. I suppose they went to the claim-stakers' fort. I want you to go there to-day and find out all that will be

The Dumb Spy acknowledged his willingness to do his master's bidding, and in a short time foot, came from the dense shadows of the he was moving northward. However, he did not go far in the direction taken, but turned eastward and struck the river about a mile from Agaid the Dumb Spy gave his signal, and re-Hard by on the river lay a large scow or flat-boat that had been used as a ferry-boat but which was being refitted now for another It was about thirty feet long, and nade like a canoe, being sharp at stem and

stern, while the sides were high and flaring. Near this ungainly craft the Dumb Spy concealed himself, and in less than ten minute after, a number of the outlaws, provided with axes and other tools, made their appearance and went to work on the boat. With heavy planks they proceeded to lay a stout deck on the scow.

The Dumb Spy watched the work with deep

interest, for he well knew what it meant; at the same time revolving in his mind's plan by which he might defeat the outlaws in their vile work. In less than two hours the deck was all completed, and the float presented quite a substan-ial appearance. In a few minutes more a pair of horses, hitched to a cart, came in view. They were driven by Reckless Ralph, and on the cart was mounted a small brass howitzer! This for-

nidable implement of war was at once taken

aboard the scow and placed near the center of A second team, bringing a supply of ammu nition and other things, soon made its appearance. Its contents were unloaded and conveyed aboard the craft, some of the ammunition being stowed away in the capacious hold. Among the principal articles, upon which the

outlaws set great store, was a keg of rum. Reckless Ralph superintended the outfitting of the gunboat, and by the time the sun stood on the meridian, he announced all in readiness

or departure. About twenty of the best men had been selected to man the boat, and, armed to the teeth, they went aboard. All seemed jubilant over some expected adventure and the keg of rum that had been left on deck.

The brass howitzer appeared to be quite a curiosity to most of the men. This was evidence that it had not been an article of public property in Spain. In fact, its being in the outlaw village was known to but few until that day, for it had found its way into the place years before when this portion of the country was a Spanish possession, and had lain concealed in a cellar.

Reckless Ralph, having had some experience as an artillerist, spent most of the previous night cleaning up the old gun, and getting it in readiness for use. The supply of ammunition was ample, and the outlaw convinced himself that nothing but time stood between them and the total destruction of the claim-stakers. By means of long poles or sweeps the robbers

pushed their battery out into the river, then turned and began their journey up the stream. Feeling fresh and vigorous, with an occasional "lift" from the rum keg, the men at the sweeps urged the great clumsy boat along at fair speed

The Dumb Spy was soon on his way to Fort Defiance, after the departure of the boat. He had gained some information which he was desirous of imparting to the claim-stakers, soon as possible. In fact, their lives depended upon it, for they were in no way prepared to resist the power the outlaws of the Dispute were now about to bring against them.

He arrived at the fort in due time, and imparted his information. He remained in conference with his friends several hours, and when he finally took his departure, it was with a great

and dangerous responsibility resting upon his

After leaving the fort, he proceeded down the river and met the robbers on the boat. He was at once taken aboard and questioned by Reckless Ralph.

Is Old Hurricane at Fort Defiance?" he asked, in the silent language of the mute. "Yes," the Dumb Spy replied.

"And my daughter, too?"

"Have the claim-stakers got wind of our

"How far is their fort from the river?"

"Just twenty steps."
"Hurrah!" exclaimed Raft, turning to his men, "we are all right, boys. By daylight, to-morrow morning, we will be ready to sweep Fort Defiance across the plain. By that time Thoms will have the Indians—the land forces
—over along the bluffs to cut off the retreat of
the claim-stakers when driven from their fort
by our cannon. Hal hal it will be a lively

time, boys, but it won't take many rounds to knock that pen into a cocked hat."

The Dumb Spy was, fortunately, retained on board the boat, and was assigned a post of duty. This was to deal out to each man his rations of cooked food, that was stowed away

in the hold, and also his mug of rum.

When darkness set in, the outlaws did not tie up their boat, but continued steadily on, and shortly after midnight the signal of their scout, who had been sent on ahead, announced their uxtaposition to Fort Defiance sufficient to oring their cannon to bear upon the little defense. So a halt was at once made, and the boat ran close in shore and tied up to await the

oming of day "Boys," said Reckless Ralph, "it is three hours until daylight yet, and, as we may have a hard day's work before us, we had better try and get a few hours' sleep and rest. One or two can be detailed as guards, and be relieved every What say you, men? hour.

"Ay! ay!" was the general response.
"Then, for fear of the malaria in the river

"Then, for fear of the malaria in the river atmosphere, I'll have Witless Seth to fill each a cup brimming full of rum."

This was another pleasant idea that met the general approval of the men, and so the captain ordered Seth to hand out the liquor.

When the "preventative" had been imbibed, a watch was detailed. It consisted of two men, one of whom was stationed on each end of the boat. The rest of the party now spread their blankets on the deck and laid down to sleep, the Dumb Spy being among them.

But in less than half an hour the latter raised to a sitting posture and gazed around him. The

to a sitting posture and gazed around him. The outlaws were all sound asleep. This he could

ell by their heavy respirations

The spy now arose to his feet, and, on tiptoe, moved to the north end of the boat, where he found the other guard leaning against the rum-keg, with the cup by his side; and he was A smile of satisfaction passed over the face

A smile of satisfaction passed over the face of the spy, as he turned and raised the rude "hatch" and gazed down into the hold. It was dark as pitch below, but, carefully sliding the hatch-door to one side, he turned, and taking something from his pocket, that emitted a dull, phosphorescent glow, laid it in the palm of his hand and held it above his head. Five minutes later, a figure, muffled from head to foot in a great blanket, came from the

woods on the west shore and paused upon the bank. The Dumb Spy pointed to the opening in the deck; then the strange figure came aboard the boat, crossed the deck like a shadow, and hastily descended into the dark hold of the

This figure stowed away, Wild Dick turned, and again held up his hand, with that glowing Then another figure, muffled from head to

Agaid the Dumb Spy gave his signal, and repeated it, until a dozen or more of those mysterious shadows had come from the woods and And all this time the robbers slept on.

The Dumb Spy replaced the hatch as he had found it, and then laid down to watch and

wait, but not to sleep. Thus the night wore away and morning dawned; however, the sun was nearly an hour nigh when the first robber awoke.

Then Reckless Ralph was aroused, and, when he saw what time it was, he cursed the stupidiy of himself and his men for sleeping like logs. But he forthwith endeavored to excuse himself on the grounds of having a dull, neadache, but, when each of his men had filed a similar complaint, he saddled the blame onto the rum-keg, and, in a fit of rage, he tossed it verboard.

The attention of the crew was drawn to the work before them. They could see the little fort of the claim-stakers standing boldly out on the plain, its flag waving proudly and defiantly in the morning air. A little column of smoke was drifting up from the interior of the fort, and the colossal figure of Old Hurricane could be seen standing on the rampart, leaning on his ong rifle and regarding them with indifferent

"By heavens!" exclaimed Reckless Ralph, "how I would like to send a cannon-ball through that infernal, impudent old scoundrel!" "Keep cool, captain, and we'll fetch him off thar pretty soon," said one of the men. The fort was about four hundred yards away, and the outlaws had nothing to fear with this

distance between them and the claim-stakers' One of the party was sent ashore with a flag of truce, and orders to demand the unconditional surrender of the fort, with all the men, wo-

men and weapons.

Old Hurricane displayed his cap on the muzzle of his rifle as a counter-flag, and, when the robber had approached within hailing distance, the old hunter yelled out: What do you want here, Mister?" "I have come to demand the immediate and

unconditional surrender of your fort and all within it," replied the robber. "You don't say!" retorted Old Hurricane; suppose we don't see fit to chalk up?"
"We will open fire on you with a twelve-

pound cannon at once. Then, trot back and open. What's a twelve-pound cannon? Why, my ole rifle

weighs more'n that."

"All right, old ignorance," replied the outlaw, and, turning, he retraced his footsteps to the boat and delivered the old hunter's reply to their demand. "Just so," exclaimed Reckless Ralph, turning

to the cannon, which was already sighted upon the fort. "I would just as lief it would be that way as any, for we'll have the fun of demolishing the whole concern." Old Hurricane had withdrawn from his ex-

posed position on the rampart, much to the regret of Reckless Ralph, who now took the match from the hand of a comrade, and applied it to to the touch-hole of the howitzer. The next moment the sullen boom of the

piece awoke the morning echoes for miles and miles. (To be continued-commenced in No. 165.)



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unications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Mr. Aiken's Last and Best!

We have anticipated, with much interest, the completion of a novel upon which Mr. AIKEN has for some time been engaged. Its earlier chapters were so original in field, character and story, that we followed the work with no small anxiety to know just how the versatile author would maintain the story's somewhat remarkable personalty, and the ingenuity of its plot. All the MS. being now in hand we have to say that we regard it as, in many respects, the most thoroughly American novel we ever read; and so distinctive in its merits as a story is it that we think there is no hazard in saying it will be the most popular and the best read serial that has been given to the public in the past ten years!

Of this work the author writes thus:

"BROOKLYN, May 31st, 1873.

"MESSES. BEADLE AND ADAMS: "DEAR SIRS-With this I send you the last chapters of 'The Man from Texas.' Never before have I aid down the pen with more regret. It is like bidding adieu to a bevy of guests whom I can not realize are other than realities. Having spent the greater part of two years in Arkansas, I there not only studied and learned its queer, odd, strange and decidedly original phases of human nature, but I made many acquaintances who have stood as characters for me in this romance; and in recalling them have taken a delight which I can scarcely express And the story-strange as it may seem -- is even more than half true, as the reader will guess when he follow

'The Man from Texas' through his wild career.
"The Red-coated 'overseer' - Old 'Jedge' Yell-Ozark, the Arkansas Ontlaw-Uncle Snow, King Congo. Jim Crow and Union Sam, the negro 'boys'-pretty Missouri, the Southern belle-Miss Adams, the Yankee Schoolma'am-'Tilda Ozark, the 'poor white'-ail are drawn to the life; and I hope will give the reader a good dea of the kind of people and the way they live, on the South-west Border, where even to-day 'society' is but an odd mixture of odd elements. My 'Rackensack' community is almost a photograph.

"If to read my story gives half the pleasure which i has afforded me to write it, I certainly shall not be rated an unwelcome guest by the readers of the SATURDAY Yours, respectfully,

"ALBERT W. ATKEN." On the contrary, we feel assured MR. AIKEN will greatly enhance his already admirable reputation by this intensely interesting and exciting story which, in due course, will appear in these columns

Our Arm-Chair.

Why Men Become Ba'd .- Dio Lewis tells Reason Why" of baldness of the scalp as fol-

"Men become bald! Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometime from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shipy And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been baid fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet-iron retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair glands, which bears the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out and baldness exists. A fur cap I have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter."

A poor investment, then, is a fur cap, and stove pipe hats are worse than your worst enemy, for they take your hair but leave your scalp. We are sure that no folly of female dress can exceed that of the stiff, hard, uncomfortable hat which the men so persistently wear and regard as the only genteel thing for the head. It may be "genteel but it is also a sore affliction to head, brains and

Chat.-In our Woman's World department, this week, a very interesting matter is treated. The information given is suggestive. When we are told that our female "shop girls"-clerks and saleswomen -- earn the bountiful salary of six dollars per week, out of which they are expected not only to support themselves but to dress with considerable elegance, we have a painful inside view of woman's work and wages, and Emily Verdery's suggestions regarding lace-working as an escape from the gulf of misery which our young women are trying to bridge over by "clerking." are wor thy of consideration. Any calling which gives to women comparative personal independence is de-Work that can be done at home, where woman's modesty and poverty are not made a mockery of, and where she can find repose when she is tired and rest when she is ill-that kind of employ should be hers, and that man or woman is the true philanthropist who creates an industry that can be pursued at one's own fireside. Lace weaving is such an industry, and we can wish that the day is not distant when it will be introduced among us both as an art and a calling With all the efforts for woman's amelioration, how little has she been practically benefited! The field of her labors has been widened greatly, within a few years, but is she happier, healthier, or any further removed from dependence and want? Alas, no! After all the hubbub of talk and expe riment, the real working-woman is to-day struggling with "the wolf" as she never struggled before; her situation is deplorable. The suggestion, therefore of a new and pleasant industry, which can become a HOME art, is both opportune and beneficent. If any one of our numerous men of immense wealth would do some good with his gatherings of gold, let him pioneer the enterprise of establishing lace making in America.

-A friend sends us the following item now "going the rounds:" "Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, gets a salary of \$10,000 a year. Jennings has \$10,000 on the Times; Croly

preacher, or a first-class lawyer, or a first-class rying a hod full of bricks up a four-story lad-railroad man? We should say they are worth der. But the finest part of raking in the garden preacher, or a first-class lawyer, or a historical railroad man? We should say they are worth der. But the finest part of raking in the garden more, being a scarcer commodity. Henry Ward to me is stopping to rest.

Then I put the little onions in their little or the stopping to rest. Dr. This and Dr. That \$10,000. Our first lawyers have incomes reaching up into the figures higher still. Many railway "managers" get \$15,000 per Vanderbilt pays his general freight agent \$12,000 per year, and he is well worth it. Yet, as soon as you come to literary work, requiring the very highest grade of talent, tact and exhaustive industry, a certain class of persons are surprised at the sums named as the worth of the editors. A shrewd observer has said that there are but three, or possibly four, real first-class editors, or newspaper conductors in the country-one in Louisville, one in Chicago, one in Cincinnati, and possibly one in New York. This may seem absurd, but it is a pretty close guess. Of the available, enterprising, sagacious and effective second-rate men there are many, and these are easily worth their \$10,000 a year. The three extraordinary men are not to be had for five times that figure. Journalism, as a profession, has so long been a kind of nosnital for broken-down lawyers, doctors, preach ers and academicians, that the average pay of the editor has been very small; but all this is change ing; journalism is commanding a higher, nobler order of talent, year by year; and now that it 'pays" to accept the office of responsible editor, the best talent is not shunning the newspaper of fice, as it hitherto has done. In another twenty years' time this country will have the ablest newspapers in the world-that is our guess.

HOME MANNERS.

"Boys will be boys" is an old axiom, but it will not take a great deal to make gentlemen o them, if we go the right way to work about it Sometimes their manners need a great deal of correcting. Some boys seem to imagine that it is incumbent on them to be polite only when company is present; when that is gone they

put it all away just as you have seen some people do with their best cups and saucers.

Do you think, boys, that it is good manners to come to the breakfast-table with unwashed hands and uncombed hair? to bite off pieces of bread and then return the remainder to the bread-plate? to sit in the house with hats on, like tavern loafers, or to walk about with hands in your pockets? If you wouldn't do any or all these things in company, why should you do so at home among your own kith and kin Is company better than those who form the cir-

cle of which you are members?

A boy who is gentlemanly wins for himself more respect, and gains for himself more friends. than one who acts like a boor. If we lived in a country of savages, there might be some excuse for this boorishness, but as we live in a land where good manners can be cultivated far easier that the land itself, there can be no excuse at all for ili-breeding

Does it cost you any more to be polite and gentlemanly than to be rude and ungentleman ly? Do you have to make any sacrifices to follow the accepted laws of etiquette?—the eti quette in such simple things as are here pointed out to you? When combs and brushes are so cheap, is there any need for you to go with un combed hair? Are nails so expensive that yo must throw your hats on the floor, instead of hanging them up? Are you so afraid of that head-gear's being lost that you must wear it in the house? And are your hands so ungainly or so uncleanly that you must hide them in your pockets.

The manners of the boy go toward forming the character of the man. If boys act in a gentlemanly way at home, there will be no danger of their falling into blunders abroad, and they will thus save themselves from much merited ri dicule and laughter.

If you will cultivate good manners and gen tlemanly deportment while young, it will not be so hard to carry both into practice when you grow older and mix with others. If you are en-deavoring to secure a situation, your employer will be as likely to require you to be polite and gentlemanly as he will to be honest and trustworthy. If you knew how much polite traits are admired, you would cultivate them, and if you knew how much your ill-manners are disiked, you would at once discard them.

Foolscap Papers.

My Garden this Year.

I do not think there is any thing more exhilarating or agreeable in this world than for other people to spade in the garden.

It not only gives you a good appetite for dinner, but it awakens in almost any man's bosom an ardent desire for something loftier and not

quite so laborious. I had been waiting for some time, like Mike Auber, for my garden ground to turn up, but was compelled, at last, to take my spade in hand to inform the soil that it must turn up or

I never held a good hand of spades, and don't consider that I am the jack of spades either.
I began work, and I rather liked it. I didn't think I was possessed of so much energy: for ten mortal minutes I worked without sitting down to rest; then I sat down to rest. I never knew before how sweet rest was.

I began to spade again, but I must confess that all the enthusiasm was shoveled off sadly. The sun tried to warm me up to my work, but, though I got dreadfully warm, I didn't warm

It soon began to be nice to lean on the spade and meditate. It brought back old recollec-tions; it reminded me of the times when I lidn't have to spade in the garden, and my old affectionate arm-chair seemed reaching out its

The charms of spading in the garden went into the ground faster than the spade did, and I began to have glorious visions of the better things to which I was born, so I resigned my spade to a cheap Emeralder, and I do not think ever enjoyed spading so much in my life as I

It was so refreshing! I never saw any thing half so soothing, and I went to sleep sitting there in the shade superintending him, and he couldn't wake me up; had to send for my wife; she waked me up! (She always uses my ears for waking handles and the its line.) she waked me up! (She always uses my ears for waking handles, and then it always does me good to wake up.) She wanted me then to set in and make the

I told her I would much rather she would have the chambermaid make them; but I thought it would be much more pacific if I worked at the beds; so I went to work with the spade again, and made the walks as she directed, and like to have died. Stooping down and shoveling out the walks is hardly my idea of earthly delight; the beauties of such pursuits fades from sight as soon as a new umbrella. was bent double when the walks were finished, and had to throw myself backward over the fence to straighten myself out, and I didn't pier as well as healthier: yet I assure you may have half enough room on my hands for all the

blisters. Then, for pastime, I raked the beds all over

There is a destiny which shapes the ends of little onions as well as any thing else, so you have to be careful to put them in the ground right side up with care, or they will grow up crooked, and a crooked onion is a dangerous vegetable (for at breakfast, say, the seventh onion is crooked and you are in a hurry, think-ing somebody else will get the last one on the dish, and you think you are aiming for your mouth when it is very likely to run into your

eve-vou know what onions in your eyes are!) Then I put in the early radishes, a handfu in each spot, because I wanted to economize ground. I guess people never thought of this plan before unless they have read the Rural New

Yorker regularly.

Then I sowed the beets (I wanted my wife to sow them with a needle); and I put the early corn in-soaked in molasses to make sweet cor out of it—and the cabbage plants (I wanted to put a bread and milk poultice on them to bring them to a head); and then I set out the tomato plants and the gimson weeds, and the burdocks, and the imported Canada thistles, and every thing else; then the garden was done, and I sat down to weit until every thing company. lown to wait until every thing came up.

My neighbor's chickens came on, hunting for the proverbial early worm, and they saw that my garden wasn't made exactly to suit their notions, so they set to work to alter it, and made those beds over again after their own style and then there were some mysterious disappearances which somewhat puzzled my neighbor, although we had fowl for dinner every day

But he had his revenge, for every night his logs would come over to promenade on those beds and to tramp the young vegetables deeper into the ground, that they might grow firmer; and his cows broke in to see if the dogs had done any damage, and after that his pigs got in to root up the corn and see how the cabbages were coming along; and, to tell the honest truth, the only thing so far which I have got out of that garden is the regret that I ever went into it. I might add that all the weeds are get ting along finely, as they were not disturbed;

I shall not attend market with any vegetables is year. Washington Whitehorn. this year.

Take Notice!-Captain Mayne Reid's new story, THE SPECTER BARQUE, a Tale of the Pacific, commences this week. Having been written expressly for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

Woman's World.

Lace-Weaving as a National Industry.—What a Lace-Weaver Can Earn.—It is not Unhealthy Work.— Barbara Uttmann.—Who Will Invest Capital ?

In a late number of a prominent fashion jour nal, I notice an article on lace and lace-making n which the writer, in rather strong language deprecates the continuance of lace-making ne of the industries of the world, on the ground that the manufacture of the thread used in lace-weaving is injurious to the health of the spinner. As well might we advocate the abolishment of the use of scissors and needles, because scissors and needle-grinding are unhealthy occupations. Nay, worse, they are actually murderous.

Lace may not be so necessary as clothing, but o destroy that industry would be to impoverish to destitution some hundreds of thousands of human beings. Besides, we should consider, first, that the inventions of modern science will doubtless contribute, if they have not already contributed, to the amelioration of the condi tion of the lace thread spinner, as it eventually does to that of all producers and manufacturers

An author of high reputation, from whom I quote, says: "The thread used in Brussels lace is of such extraordinary fineness as almost to escape the sight. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. A background of dark paper is placed so as to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work.

The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy. and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionally high." This last clause contains a world of argument, in the way of remedy for the evil. If her "wages are pro-portionately high," of course it is not necessary for her labor to be unremitting, she can rest part of the day, week, month, or year, and thus give herself the necessary relaxation and restoration

of her overtaxed powers. The same lace-weaver and expert, who was a witness in the Fraloff lace case, mentioned some weeks ago in the Woman's World, gives er individual experience to me in these words: "I was always fond of my occupation and art. I was taught by my mother, at an early age, the finest stitches, and for twenty-five years I pursued the study with the ardor of an enthusiast. After I was grown I began to work for myself. I was not content to know only the stitches and meshes of my native town of Honiton, in Devonshire. I earned at that time a sovereign a week, and out of that amount I would save enough to enable me to travel to the next lace-making town. There I would go,

and working as a weaver, by close application, secluding myself from all company, and living with the greatest economy, I would soon make enough money while learning the stitches to go to another town. In that way I traveled all the lace-making shires in England, perfecting myself in all the modern English points. The work is notunhealthy in itself, and it is more remunerative than many other industries. The art is always taught in schools, beginning with very young children. I have been in hundreds of these schools, although I did not learn my art in them myself. When I first traversed England, there were many evils and actual cruelties connected with the lace schools, but not now, nor indeed before I left my native country. The workers were, in old times, crowded together in small, close rooms, but times are changed; sanitary laws and the love of fresh air have done a great deal to ameliorate their condition. The pillows are raised higher, so that they do not stoop to their work; and the hours of labor for small children are shortened. When I was last in England I visited some of the lace schools of my native Devonshire, and though some improvements might be made, for instance if the infant school system of allowing the pupils to march, and stretch their limbs. pier as well as healthier; yet I assure you, madame, they looked as ruddy as the apples in the neighboring orchards. The children looked well. The adult workers and those in advanced had \$5,000 on the World; Hudson had \$20,000 on the

Herald, and was retired on a pension of \$19,000,"

asking, "Can it be true?" And why not, pray? s a first-class editor worth less than a first-class get tired. It isn't half such hard work as car- tories in our northern shire-towns.

This intelligent lace-weaver is of the opinion that lace-schools could be established in this country, which, while they would be remunerative to both the employer and teacher, and her oupils and employees, would introduce an in dustry giving employment to thousands, while the product of their labors would materially les sen the cost of imported laces, and increase our own revenues. In a word, she thinks this country could now compete with Europe in the production of certain hand-made laces. In her own establishment she could at present find work for several skilled weavers, at from \$12 o \$15 a week, and children (she says) could be rin to earn something before the expiration of s year. In six months, perhaps from \$2 to \$2.50 per week, and their work would not be as unremitting, the hours being shorter than those of "cash" boys and girls, who earn, I believe,

about that sum per week, when they begin their

apprenticeship in business. a lace-weaver can earn a sovereign, o bout five dollars a week in England, she could earn double that amount here, lace bringing more than double the money here it does in Eu-It is a well-known fact that our shop girls do not average six dollars a noeek for their wa-ges. They are never able to support themselves comfortably on their alaries, and provide, a the same time, for seasons of non-employ, or for sickness. In our first-class dry goods and millinery stores, when a girl applies for a situation, inquiries are immediately made as to hel means of support outside of her employment! she admits that she is entirely dependent on he galary, it is impossible for her to obtain the She must have a home, a mother father, brother, aunt, or some near relative that she can give assurance will aid in her sur port. If she is a stranger, no matter what he letters or her references may be from other ci ies or sections, if she has no home but a board ing or lodging-house, she can not get the place She must go to some second, or third, or fourth rate establishment. This seems hard, but it is necessary for the preservation of a certain mora standard in the first-class houses. Granted that the standard is based on falsehood. It is the kind of falsehood that vice uses or is obliged to

ise in compliment to virtue. Would not the lace-weaver who could earn ten—nay even six dollars a week—have an ad wantage over the shop girl? Could she not take a very cheap room, purchase her own food, from cheap restaurants, bakeries and shops—go to work in seclusion, and by strict economy and great industry and application, eventually accomplish more than the shop girl who must be well dressed and in presentable trim every day? Could she not, on certain days, after having made her laces, don her best and go out and find sale for her work? Better still: Suppose we had lace schools and manufactories established could she not at once obtain work which would not be subject to the variable conditions of the shop girl's employment, who is nearly always thrown out of business in the dull season?

My friend, the Honiton lace-weaver, says that expert and intelligent workers could fre quently make over fifteen dollars a week, and could average twelve, the year round.

When we, as a people, have learned the economies of living and dressing as Europeans do, twelve dollars a week will be found a very handsome sum for a girl to earn; but not suffi-cient to support her, of course, if she dresses in silk and lace, and wears jewels and false hair, as most of the shop-girls and salesladies do, in our "first-class" establishments.

A few evenings ago, a friend called to take me, in her carriage, to the Opera. We stopped on our way for another friend, who was to company us. It was a wet night; the rain fell fast. As the carriage door flew open, half a dozen little girls, between the ages of ten and twelve, rushed up to it, and with outstretched palms, begged for pennies. That was not all. The words they used intimated to us, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they supposed gentlemen were in the carriage, and they expected to amuse them with street ribaldry. Poor little outcasts! How bold, reckless, and full of rollicking life they seemed! A home and employment might save some of from treading the downward path. It is impossible, of course, to save all. But surely, by ncreasing the variety of industries in our great city, we might save many who now go the

ways of idleness and dissipation.
In the old church-yard of Annaberg, at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, in Germany, under the overarching boughs of the old lime-trees, is seen a beautiful monument with bas reliefs on s four sides. On the tomb is inscribed: lies Barbara Uttmann, died 14th January, 1575 whose inventions in lace in the year 1561, made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains."

"An active mind, a skillful hand, Bring blessings down on Fatherland."

When we ask the Annabergers for the story of Barbara Uttmann, we are told that she was the daughter of a Nuremberg burgher named Etter ein, who removed to the Saxon Hartz Moun tains in 1520 for the purpose of working some mines. Barbara at an early age learned to make lace, from a native of Brabant, a Protesant who had fled to the Hartz Mountain from the persecutions of the cruel Duke of Al Barbara had noticed the mountain girls making nets for the vintners to wear over their

hair. She took an interest in the work, and began by opening a school for the mountain girls, in which she taught them to make tricot and a plain lace ground. Subsequently she married Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. In 1561 having procured aid from Flanders, she set up in her own name of Barbara Uttmann, a workshop at Annaberg; and there began the manufacture of laces of various patterns, teaching ner workers, and making them teach others. In other words, Barbara Uttmann borrowed capi-tal, and made an investment in a lace school and manufactory, which proved remunerative. This branch of industry spread from her workshop from the Bavarian frontier to Altenberg and Geissen, giving employment to thirty thousand sons, and producing a yearly revenue of a million of

We now produce carpets in Massachusetts that rival the productions of Axminster and Brussels, and the capitalist and operative are both remunerated. Why may we not produce laces rivaling the famous webs of Venice, Mechlin, Alencon and Honiton? Can we not, in the course of the next half-century, give employment to as many lace-weavers as the Eastern factories give to carpet-weavers? Could idle capital be better invested? She who inaugurates this industry in America may win as en-during fame as Barbara Uttmann. What woman of capital, combined with industry, phi lanthrophy and enterprise, will take the first step?

Take Notice!-Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE**, a Tale of the Pacific, commences this week. Having been written expressly for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial.

Readers and Contributors.

fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavail-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used nerit we always prefer the shorter .- Never write on both sides of a sheet, Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compo-sitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to entributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can make no use of the following, and return such as inclosed stamps for return, viz.: "My Uncle's Wil!;" "Hanged by the Neck;" "Love Picturing;" "The Six Chiefs;" "Ben Dowd's Best Shot;" "The Picture by the Flame.;" "A Heart of Wood;" "The Two Thieves;" "A Robust Invalid;" "Mrs. McGuire's Worst Foe;" "The Tea-Party's Surprise;" "Mrs. Blake, the Manager;" "A Queer Set;" "Rose Cameron's Marriage;" "A Reigning Belle;" "The Saratoga Trunk;" "Off for the Hills;" "Smacking at Sea."

The following contributions we place on the accepted list, viz: "Miss Kizzy's Boarder:" "Lottie Lane's Experience;" "A School Day:" "The Three Graces;" "When and Where;" "Lone Jack;" "Boys."

ZELLA. We do not act as "patron" for young writers. They must "paddle their own canoe." EZRA S. Many clerks, in New York, get but twelve officen dollars per week salary. Have answered the same question at least a

Lucy S. You are quite right. It is no disgrace to try again. How else can you ever succeed?

PETER SNYPII. It is not polite to insist upon a lady's staying at a party or ball when she expresses a wish to retire. It is very impolite and rude.

D. E. J. "The Boy Spy" never was published as a serial.—Mrs. Henry Wood wrote "East Lynne."—Two dollars will answer for two-thirds of a year's subscription.

F. C. The mere mounting of a revolver does not de-ermine its value any more than a horse's harness deter-nines the value of the horse. If a revolver bursts any if its chambers, in the act of firing, it would be very apt o injure the hand.

to injure the hand.

O. W. B. A mechanic is one who is a master of some trade, no matter how he learned it. The word artisan is sometimes used as a synonym of the word mechanic, but really is not so. Consult the dictionary.

Hawkeye Harry. Mr. Whittaker wrote "Double-Death."—Oil Coomes is the author's true name. His address is through the Saturday Journal, for which he writes exclusively. He has not written a line for any other paper since his engagement with us, and all statements to the contrary are dodges to catch readers.—"Hawkeye Harry" was published as a scrial in these columns, and is not published as a novel, in a volume.—Albert W. Aiken is the author's correct name.—All MSS, are safer in express than in the mails. One is responsible, the other is wholly irresponsible.

J. D. Davidson. We do not preserve returned letters.

J. D. DAVIDSON. We do not preserve returned letters. You sent no stamp for MS. return, as we wrote you in the "not-called for" letter.

ERNEST M. King William IV., of England, died in June, 1837. He was succeeded by the present queen, who was crowned June 30th of that year. She was not his daughter, but the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a sister of Leopold, King of Belgium.

Rent, was a sister of Leopoid, King of Belgium.

Georgy R. The leopard is distinguished by the smallness of the spots on its skin, the tiger is marked with great bands, and the panther with large spots. This latter animal, in the chase of prey, spares neither man nor beast. It is a native of Africa, and of several parts of India, China and Arabia. The American cougar, its prototype on this continent, is found in the wildest part of the wild West, but is very rare, even there, where it is known as "The Hunter's Dread."

CLARISSA F. We dis'ike runch to advise in metters are

charles are the Hunter's Dread."

Clarissa F. We dislike much to advise in matters so personal. If your tempers, merely, are "incompatible," pray correct your tempers by an exercise of common sense. If your husband is absolutely hateful to you, and will not be reconciled, take advice of some good, discreet male friend. Divorce is not an easy matter you will find, and a very expensive process of relief, for lawyers are literally pittless toward such clients.

N. G. If "her old dad hates you worse than the devil." it is a clear case of mental obliquity—providing you are in no way related to the devil. But, these old fellows are mighty sharp in seeing things as they are; so, just overhau! your log-book and see if you have a good record. If you are a proper young tellow, and the daughter loves you, and the old man is obstinate as a, mule—why, "wait a little longer." An homest love can be parent and forgiving, and patience and forgiveness will conquer even a mule.

Young Student. The coming transit of the planet

conquer even a mule.
YOUNG STUDENT. The coming transit of the planet Venns is a most important event. These transits occur only at intervals of one hundred and five and one-half, and one hundred and twenty-one and one-half years. The last transit having occurred on the 3d of June, 1769, the next after an interval of one hundred and five and one half years, will greet the eyes of expectant astronomers on the 4th of December, 1874. Accurate observations of this, henomenon will Jurnish data of the first importance to astronomical science, by which the distances from the sun of the earth and other planets, and their respective magnitudes may be precisely calculated.

Linguist. It is estimated that the English language LINGUIST. It is estimated that the English language is spoken by about 90,000 000 persons; the German by 45,000,000; the Spanish by as many; and the French by

PHOTOGRAPHER. A solution of isinglass or gum ara bic, spread over a photograph with a soft camel's hair-brush, is sometimes used to give a gloss, and to preserve the impression from the influences of air and light.

the impression from the influences of air and light.

Urban De M. We will not comment on the climate of the Argentine Republic, but state a few facts. A bowl of water left uncovered over night vanishes by morning; ink dries as if by magic, and the bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and neither exercise or exposure to the sun's rays will cause perspiration.

MOTHER. You are correct in your idea: attention to your children will save them much trouble in after years, and regarding your question, we will say that the foundation for sound, while teeth must be laid in childhood, when subsisting upon such food as the teeth must have, will insure them from early decay and malformation.

ENGINEER. You can obviate the difficulty. In fastening India rubber to wood and metal, you can make the
following cement: soak pulverized gum shellac in ten
times its weight of strong ammonia, and in three or
four weeks it will become liquid without the use of hot

water.

Daniel Duffield. The following are the General Officers of the United States Army, and the Head-quarters of the same: General W. T. Sherman, Washington; Lieut.-General P. H. Sheridan, St. Louis, Mo.; Major-General W. S. Huncock, St. Paul, Minn.; Major-General John M. Schofield, Sau Francisco, Cal.; Brigadier-General John MeDowell, New York City; Brigadier-General John Pope, Fort Leavenworth; Brigadier-General John Pope, Fort Leavenworth; Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, Atlanta, Ga.; Brigadier-General Christopher C. Auger, Omaha, Neb.

Helen R. In the United States there are eighty-two. HELEN B. In the United States there are eighty-two indred post-offices—five hundred of which are kept by

CATHERINE MCCORMACK. The superstition, that spilling sult is unlucky," originated with the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonarda de Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the

Horace McKay. We do not think you will succeed. A law has just been declared by the Japanese Government preventing any land-holder in the Empire to sell or mortgage real estate to a foreigner under pain of death. The object of this law is probably to keep outsiders from gaining a footbold on Japanese ground.

gaining a foothold on Japanese ground.

FRED CAMPBELL. The medical knowledge of the Chinese can hardly be dignified by the name of science, as they receive no especial training or diploma, entitling them to practice as physicians. A Chinese doctor much resembles a vender of patent medicines in our own country, selling them through the streets and at the different houses. A Chinese who sells plasters, after they have been used, and sured the patient, has them returned to him, as testimonials of his skill, and sometimes they are posted on his doorway or counter of his little shop.

Schoolerk. Tight braiding will cut the hair; but braided firmly and not too tight, will hold it in place, prevent it from breaking, and also assist in making the

air grow long.

D. O. C. Emery can be made to adhere to wood by leiting together equal parts of shellac, white resin, and arabolic acid; add the last after the others are melted, and the effect will be astonishing.

HERBERT WILLIAMS. If you are of an industrious turn of mind, you can plant lettuce, radishes, onions, mint, parsley, etc., etc., in a small bed, and cultivate all you can possibly use at home, without incurring other expense than purchasing the seeds, and a small trowel to dio with

dig with.

DAVID DUDLEY. To decide for "deal," in playing eucher, Hoyle says: "In cutting, the ace is lowest, the other cards ranking as in whist, and the lowest cut deals." Many play the game, however, counting the highest cut card for the deal, and if specified before you commence, there need be no change for disputes.

DOBA. Your friend was doubtless waiting to be recognized. Perhaps you are not aware that a lady should always make the advance. It would be presumption on a gentleman's part to seek the acquaintance of a young lady until he knows that his acquaintance is acceptable to her.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

Or beneath the shroud of some gathering cloud
How boundeth his soul with joy!
From the deck he springs as loudly rings
The cry of—"All hands, ahoy!"
For the seiman's life is one of strife,
And he loveth the daring fight,
And his dearest dower is the noble power
He sways o'er the ocean's might,
And no lear on him falls, or storm appalls,
Though darkly may lower the night.

Yet, dearer to him are the visions dim Yet, dearer to him are the visions dim
Of loved ones far away,
As he glances back o'er the glimmering track
Beyond the foaming spray.
But he lightens his eye at the wished-for cry
Of "Land on our weather bow!"
And he worships the air which parts the hair
From off his sunburnt br.w,
For it breathes of his Home by sea's white foam,
And he views his haven now!

"Wanted, Lodgings."

BY LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

"I SAY, Phil?"

"Say on, old fellow."
"I'm not going to stand it another day! It is too much for the spirit of mortal man to endure, and I have no notion of filling a martyr's

And Hal Anderson threw the hair-brush he held into a distant corner of the room, pitched a slipper after it, and sat down in a chair containing a clean shirt and a bottle of hair oil, with a very decided nod. Philip Waldron took his feet from the chair-

back where they had been reposing, laid down his newspaper, and surveyed his excited friend What do you propose doing about it?" he

"Do? I'll hunt up another boarding-place straightway! It was bad enough at first, but it's worse now. There is a handful of strange hair in that brush, there was nearly enough for a switch in the butter this morning, and no end of foreign substance in the pie; and I found a

cockroach in my biscuit at breakfast, and—"
"See here, Hal, isn't that rather drawing on your imagination?" asked Phil, doubtfully.
"Imagination!" burst forth Hal, indignantly. "It is the solemn truth; and it was only yesterday that I found the melancholy remains

of a defunct mouse in the pudding! Imagination-humph! "I know it is bad," said Philip, with a sigh,

"but hunting lodgings is worse."

"Just look at this room," went on Hal, looking around on the disorder; "it is confusion worse confounded. I don't know but I shall be driven to matrimony yet. By the way, Phil, it's a pity for you to waste your family talents in this way. Get up your courage, make some woman happy, and I'll be a permanent boarder. Hand me that Herald,

And Hal plunged into the advertisements with his usual gusto, leaving Phil Waldron to follow up the train of thought his careless

words had lighted. Matrimouy-he had contemplated it once. and he sat now with both hands clasped above his head, thinking remorsefully how he had allowed a trifle to part him and Rue Forrester foreyer. They were both young and impulsive, and Rue-pretty, blue-eyed, brown-haired Rue—was thoughtless and proud. He had met her pride with his own, and so they had drifted apart. Well, that was four years ago, and Rue was probably married, and he-

A shout from Hal interrupted his reverie.
"Here, I have it, Phil! 'Pleasant room small family,' and so forth. I've a presentiment that this is the place we're after. this fails, there are seven others, one of which

at least, must suit us.' Don't be too sanguine, Hal," said Phil, coming out of his abstraction with a sigh You've hunted a boarding - place often enough to know better than to put your faith in advertisements, I hope. There is trouble

"Don't croak, old fellow," replied Hal, sententiously. "Just prepare yourself to move to-morrow. I'm off!"

And, armed with the Herald, he marched off, nothing daunted, to begin his search, while Phil Waldron put on his hat and went down to the office, where he sat all day among perplexing papers, and bothersome ledgers, thinking absently of those far-away summer days whe he had gone strawberrying with Rue For-rester, in the green meadow of the Forrester farm, and how differently life had looked to

He had been but a few minutes in their mutual room, that night, when Hal Anderson came in, looking several degrees less enthusiastic than when he started.

"Have you found a place? Was the 'small family, pleasant room,' etc., all the heart of man could desire?" asked Phil, as Hal threw

The latter made a decided grimace. Faugh!" he ejaculated, in disgust. "The pleasant room was six feet by ten, and the small family consisted of the man of the

louse, his old maid sister, and three black And the other seven?" queried Phil. "All utterly impossible but one, and that was all right as to situation, but there were four girls there, and they all gigyled! Of course I made myself scarce at once." And Hal looked

devoutly thankful for his narrow escape!
"That was impossible too, then," said Phil, dejectedly; "giggling girls are my detestation.
Are you discouraged?"
"Phil, old fellow," said Hal, solemnly, "if any

thought of surrender or retreat ever enters my mind, the remembrance of that pudding effectu-It was twelve o'clock on the following day

when he returned from his search, tired and un-'I'm completely fagged out," he said, drop-

"I've dragged up and down ping into a chair. the streets all the morning, and lost my temper beyond recovery. I don't believe there is a decent boarding-place in Gotham."

"'Colors seen by candle-light, etc.," said Phil, "only in this case substitute the light of advertisements for candles. I'll go myself this afternoon.

Success to you," said Hal, fervently. And confusion to all slatternly landladies!"

added Phil, emphatically, He put on his hat, stuffed a Sun into his pocket, and with the morning's Herald in his

hand, started on his mission.

in a very greasy dress, at sight of which Phil retreated without further ado.

It was almost six o'clock when he ascended the steps of the house designated in advertise-ment number eight, and rung the bell. It was answered by an ancient female, with corkscrew curls, who politely showed our hero the premi-ses, but who smiled and shook her curls at him in such a harrowing way that notwithstanding the room was perfection, he fled in consterna

"Perhaps I was foolish to let that chance slip," he thought, a little ruefully, as he went down the steps. "But I'm sure I never could endure that woman. It was a gem of a room, too! And I have only time to call at one more place to-night. Let me see, there is only one

He pulled the Sun from his pocket, and glanced at the advertisement. It was brief and

"Two single gentlemen can be accommodated with board and lodgings, at No. 73 — street. Call at all hours."

"That is sensible, and to the point," muttered our hero. "I hope it is a sample of things at

No. 73."

It was a pleasant-looking house, with a few bright-faced flowers nodding in the open window, and insensibly Phil's courage began to rise at the sight. He mounted the steps and rung the bell, with a vague feeling that this was to be the end of his search.

The door was opened by a young gentleman with a book in his hand, who waited politely for Mr. Waldron to state the nature of his business.

"I have called to inquire about the room," ex-

plained Philip.

"All right; I'll show it to you," replied the
"Annor gentleman, briskly. "Come up-stairs." young gentleman, briskly. "Come up-stairs."
Phil followed his guide up the stairs into a large plainly but comfortably-furnished room, and looked around with a satisfied air. The blind was partly closed, clothing the room in twilight, and scrupulous order and neatness reigned. There was a tiny vase of wild blue asters on the table, at sight of which Phil's heart gave a great bound. He had gathered them so often in the bygone years for Rue Forres-

"The place suits me exactly," he said, turning to his chaperon, "and I will engage it if there can be a white curtain placed at the win-

"Curtain?" repeated the young gentleman reflectively. "Seems to me Rue told me to say there would be one, but I'm not certain; I'll ask her; wait one moment

And unheeding Phil Waldron's start, he darted out along the passage. A door near opened at that moment, and a woman came into the hall. She wore a dark calico dress, with a dainty jaconet apron tied about her waist; her hair—shining—sunshine-lighted, and waving, fell loosely over her shoulders. She turned slowly as Phil looked, disclosing the delicate features and wide blue eyes of Rue Forrester.

He shrunk back into the dusky room at the sight—back where she could not see him, while ne still watched her. Pale and anxious she looked, but it was still Rue—his Rue no longer, no more forever!

He realized it then as he never had done before, as the young man said a few words, so low he could not catch them, and then stooped and kissed the fresh young face so near his own—the face he had so often kissed in the dead

long ago, and thought all his own!

He watched with a fierce pang the pleased flush come over the pale face at the low words, drawing further back in the dusk as his guide -Rue's husband-(what a pang the thought cost him)—came back.

"There is to be one put up at once," he began, but Phil interrupted him:
"On second thought, I have decided not to take the room," he said in a half-stifled voice,

beginning to move away.
"Not take it!" exclaimed the young man, in

Charlie! Charlie!" called Rue's voice at this juncture, and Phil, glad of an excuse to leave, hurriedly descended the stairs. At the door he paused to recover his glove, and turn-

ng, met her face to face. "Philip!" She made an eager movement as if to spring orward, flushed painfully and drew back

quietly offering her hand. I did not think to find you in New York.

Phil said, gravely, dropping her hand. Her eyes filled with sudden tears. 'We have been unfortunate," she said, sim-"And you are the new boarder? That will be pleasant. You are coming at once?" Not at all," he answered, rather coldly.

have decided to not come.' "Not come?" she repeated, Phil thought in a dismayed tone." I thought—Charlie said—" "I did think of coming at first, but decided to

not, and so informed your husband. He spoke somewhat stiffly, but she only look ed at him wonderingly.

"My husband," she repeated, vaguely; "am not married."

"No?" Phil caught his breath quickly

Phil caught his breath quickly turning to "Charlie," who stood on the stairs, a silent spectator.

Who is he? "Cousin Charlie Forrester," she replied, gravely. "He is visiting us."
"I saw him kiss you," said Phil, bluntly.

"Yes," she said, quietly, but with scarlet cheeks, "he was congratulating me on my new poarder. We are very poor, papa is nearly

helpless, and I counted on the proceeds of an other boarder to have him doctored." Phil hesitated a moment, then walked straight up to her, unheeding Charlie's pre-

'Rue," he said, looking down into her eyes "foolish pride parted us four years ago; shall strong, enduring love bring us together once You can never know how much I more? have wanted you!"

He drew her to him, unresisting, kissing the sweet, flushed face, and sunny hair, with pas-"Oh, Phil! How I have prayed for this

She nestled down in his arms, and Charlie with a very owl-like expression, disappeared in he back regions.

And Hal Anderson, listening that night in the privacy of their room to Phil's story, re

'I didn't think, when I rebelled against Mrs. Grim's regime, that I was going to be the humble instrument to restore you to Paradise lost. But I'm glad of it, old fellow!"

Take Notice!-Captain Mayne Reid's new story, THE SPECTER BARQUE, a Tale written expressly for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, if they would not The first four places were entirely out of the be disappointed by being unable to secure the question; the fifth was a seven-by-ten feet papers containing this spleudid serial. All who

Coral and Ruby: THE RETRIBUTION OF A LIFE-TIME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "ADRIA. THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED,"
"CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE DESERT WAY.

THE Stuart home was one of those palatial residences with a retinue of servants, and long stretches of rooms en suite, like a grand hotel on a reduced scale; the members of the family following their individual tastes and interferng little with each other's actions as if nothing deeper than the courtesy of intercourse bound them together. There was one power which asserted itself at rare intervals, which all ack-nowledged when the master of the house made his voice heard. It was a voice with a very potent element contained, and a fashion of asserting itself like an unexpected thunder-clap, never heralded by premonitory mutterings, and even Dolph had a deference not wholly unmixed with a little awe of the father, who could be unreasonable as well as receiving inreasonable as well as resolute.

Dolph was in his own pet apartment, which he called his den and the family designated as his study. A room luxuriating in cabinets filled with specimens of fossils, ores, dried vegeta-tion, skeletons of birds and beasts, and stuffed representatives of the same—all the various collections which the naturalist's heart delights n. Partly library, with a tall book-case stocked with all sorts of ponderous volumes. Smoking-room and lounging-place as well, with ranges of meerschaums and round-bowled, fantastic Dutch pipes which its occupant never touched, and cases of choice cigars which he

lightly indulged in, but kept plenteous supplies for his intimate friends—with a number of couches and stuffy easy-chairs disposed about.

There was a glorious blaze in a wide chimney-place, with a sofa drawn before it, and Dolph's six feet of manhood stretched thereon. Basking lazily in the glow of light, with an arm thrown up to shadow his face, an observer not knowing him would have been startled when some sound caused its withdrawal, to see the stern, resolute cast of the boyish face—by no means the face of the dreamy, ease-loving

student which the surroundings hinted at.

He lifted his head as the door unclosed to a self-admitted visitor, but sprung to his feet at seeing Clive Tracy. The two, who were close friends a short time past, had scarcely met in weeks. Dolph stood still, a flush in which was mingled embarrassment and resentment mountng to his brow-for an instant only, then, ashamed of the doubt he had been unconsciously cherishing in his own mind, advanced a step

"Tracy! The last man I was expecting to see, I believe. You have deserted the old familiar quarters for so long a time past. Have a chair, or my lounge of idleness vacated

"Thanks—neither; I've so short a time to op. What's this I hear of your going away,

'Little except the fact, I presume. There's not much else to be annexed. I have put one of my old undefined notions into shape, and accepted a proposition from one of our learned scientific bodies. I shall spend the remainder of the season coasting along the Florida reefs, aking my journey there by way of New Or-

"They say—don't resent the liberty of my repeating it—at least, somebody has said that your visit to the Crescent City is not without a peculiar object; something, in short, of a matrimonial engagement existing or to be

brought about speedily." "As is usual in such cases, 'somebody' has reported 'something' quite astray of the mark," returned Dolph, coldly. "I haven't an objection to letting you know the straight way of the story. I go simply to please my father, as I have stated. It is his wish that such an engagement should be consummated, if possible, but I am of another mind, as he is well aware. The lady in question is a full cousin of my own, though quite unknown to me, and he has asked me to make her personal acquaintance, I believe with the hope that I may be so favorably impressed as to accede to his desire. yield so far, but have warned him he will be

disappointed in the result.' Clive Tracy pulled his brown beard with nervous fingers, and absent, moody eyes fixed

upon the fire. What's at the root of this crotchet of yours? Confound it, boy, I know well enough, but it goes hard with a man to confess his own shortcomings, misdeeds deliberate or otherwise. I wanted to close my eyes, and I let my eyes be closed, and I'm paying the penalty for my forced blindness now. You are going be-cause you've been told that I am to marry my forced blindness now.

Coral Stuyvesant." You broke the news to me yourself, if you remember-out of consideration, I am willing to believe. She acknowledged the betrothal altogether conclusive authority, I should say Men have become wanderers from a like cause

before to-day, Mr. Tracy."
"For the Lord's sake, drop your bitterness. Dolph! Take my last chance, fight your own battle-you'll win at last-and give up this scientific research business to me. Dolph turned a gaze of undisguised astonish-

ment upon him. "What is it you mean, Tracy? You, Coral's affianced husband, proposing that, and in all seriousness?"

'Nobody's affianced husband, or like to be again. I've reconsidered your invitation; I'll take that chair and give you such satisfaction as I can, instead of the mere inkling which was in my mind as I came in. I took the code that all's fair in love,' and supplanted you, though knowing that Coral reciprocated your preference fully as you could desire."

"The result would prove differently," answered Dolph, standing a motionless figure defined against the leaping firelight. "You underrate your own influence from the outset; it was my presumption, of which I have been summarily cured, to overrate mine.

I encouraged myself to believe something of the same sort which rankles with you," Clive continued—"that her apparent liking was only a fancy which would pass, or change to another object as devoted-meaning always myself. I meant to rival you by all the honorable means in my power, and chance threw in my hands the material to further my aim in a manner most ungenerous, though I. blinded myself to that fact then. Mrs. Harland had some object-Heaven knows what !- not only to interfere between Coral and you, but to forward my cause, perhaps for the very sake of that interference. She has an unlimited power over Mr. Stuyvesant, the knowledge of a secret through which she has succeeded as his evil destiny for very nearly a score of years. which, if made known, would reflect upon him and his with a fearful consequence. She told and his with a fearful consequence. She told A change passed over Ruby's features, a that secret to me, declaring that the only me slight convulsion succeeded by a still pallor, room, commanding a view of a very dirty yard; the sixth was quite impracticable, and the seventh was presided over by a very fat woman, last thrilling sea story.

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the sixth was quite impracticable, and the many limit secretary and she faced him squarely with what seemed coral from you, and to effect it permanently by marrying her to me. I yielded, and used the dusk and softness.

influence I had gained, self-pleading that it was to save Coral. I should have resisted and used my strength to baffle the woman's cunning malignity. Enough was told Coral to convince her that a terrible danger threatened her par ents which could only be averted by the acceptance of my suit. Almost broken-hearted, she was wholly dutiful, and hid her own pain so bravely that I did not suspect what a sacrifice she had given. I never knew until to-night.

Dolph's eyes were fixed upon him with an eager, hopeful gleam. If Coral had been forced nto that engagement which Tracy assured him was broken now, he might be pardoned for en-

tertaining hope. "You heard of the accident upon the river through Mrs. Andrews of course. She has been very ill since that—Coral I mean—but the raging fever from which she suffered, was due more to the overstrain of mental disquiet, which preceded that than to her submersion and narrow escape from drowning. It must have been that her weakness lessened her faith in her own powers of endurance. To-day when she was supposed to be sleeping, she stole away from her home, weak and ill as she had left her sick bed—went away to avoid me and the consummation of the engagement which has caused her much unhappiness—so said the few hastily-written lines she left behind. That, begging her parents' forgiveness for the step she had taken, asking them not to seek for her, and promsing to return when convinced I had fully reinquished all claim to her hand."

"Gone?—really gone?"

"Really gone! That cut me deeper than any thing else. That she should distrust my love like that! Heaven knows there was never a moment I would not have given back her liberty had I known how the bond chafed her. I have been wrong from first to last, and there shall be no flagging in my endeavor to right my share in the pain she has borne. Because there was a stern test required of the man who should win her, I had no right to suppose that you would fail where I was glad to stand firm. They will institute a search for her of course but I have a conviction that it will fail. She will return of her own accord when assured that I no longer aspire to her hand; she will be convinced when she knows that I have underaken the journey and the mission you had purposed. You won't refuse me, Dolph, now that I have given into your hands the task I would have undertaken of shielding Coral from what-ever ill may befall? What that is I can not tell

over it may betail? What that is I can not ten—others may. I don't need to ask if you will undertake the charge."

No need, indeed. A glance at the resolute young face, aglow with hope and confidence renewed, was enough to assure him. Words, straight to the point, were not lacking, but Clive waived them speedily as possible. had not arrived at the stage to complacently review the sacrifice of his own aspirations to an-

"When did you propose to go?" he asked, himself rising, but leaning an elbow upon the mantelpiece while he lingered.

"To-morrow. My trunks are packed and only the good-byes left for morning."
"But the trip to New Orleans, that would have occupied several days, shall be omitted from my programme. Before they shall have expired we will effect the change which gives

me the appointment you relinquish. The sooner the better if it brings Coral back."

"Are you going there?" As Clive made a motion to depart. "I will accompany you if you

have no objection."
"And I must urge an objection. I have not yet announced this intention of mine; let me pave the way, and you go to-morrow with your offering. Don't let the delay fret you, boy; young blood is impatient, but this is time gained in the end."

He went, and on his way through the streets knit his brows close, and vexed himself with the question which had occurred oftenest since forming his intention-what course would Mrs. the secret, as she had told it to him, had held one clause reserved; she gave no hint that she was the deserted wife Boyd Stuyvesant had

wronged in the years far passed.
"If money will buy her to silence, it shall not be lacking," he thought. "If that fails, if there be any thing in her private history which may change her purpose rather than have it exposed there shall be those put upon the track who will unearth and drag it to the light. I will know

this night what course to pursue." Mr. Stuyvesant, who had returned during the earlier part of the evening, was out when he ar rived there. He sent up his card to Mrs. Har land, and let himself into the long parlors while he waited. They were deserted, with a single drop-light at either end, leaving a vague twi light in the spacious rooms. A form entering, approached him through the intermediate approached loom-not Mrs. Harland, but Mrs. Harland's

laughter. He saw his card held lightly between her fin gers, which she dropped into a filagree rack as she passed, and held out her hand to him with the expression of frank grace which always reminded him vaguely of Coral, her sympathetic face more sweetly winning than in its usual

proud brilliancy. You have come to ask if there is news of Coral, Mr. Tracy? The time has been too short to admit of much having been done, and the uncertainty is by no means lessened. Mr. Stuyvesant has not come in yet, and my mother went a short time ago to Mrs. Andrews, hoping she might have taken refuge there. It is no probable that she left the city, weak and ill as

she was." Your mother, Miss Harland ?- I was hoping for an interview with her."
Ruby's face was a little turned from him, drooping, and she spoke in a hurried way, which

betrayed how hard it was for her to speak at "I am afraid you attribute this sorrowful occurrence to my mother, Mr. Tracy. It may be so in result; I know that she has some powerful reason for entertaining bitter dislike of my guardian and his family—a reason I have neve certainly never participated. She will always have that feeling toward them, I suppose; we come of a bitter, bad line, who never forgive deliberate injury. We have our own strong affections, though, and she has promised me to cease active hostility against them for all time after this. She would scorn to break a promise once given. The past I regret more than I can tell, but I am glad I can give you that assurance of her discontinuance of active enmity Your interest is so interwoven with theirs, that you will be rejoiced to know whatever harm it was threatened them through her is no longer

contemplated." Knowing the stern nature of the woman who nad been so relentless in her vengeful pursuit, this sudden cessation of hostility looked unreasonable in his mind.

"She promised, Miss Harland, quite willingly evil and without reservation? Pardon me, but it One seems a most unnatural course for one of your mother's implacable disposition

"You force me to a confession of some painful scenes between my mother and myself before she most unwillingly relinquished her set purpose. I have never shared that enmity of ners, and it has recoiled upon me, whom she loves, in a measure she could not well endure to see. Look in my face and see if I have not suffered. Think of the bitter and constant humiliation and reproach of knowing that my pre-sence in my guardian's home, where I was kindy received and generously entertained, was the first move to repay him with the misery which I have witnessed without being able to define in this unhappy household. It has been an unenviable position I have held; I have been haunted by a feeling as though we stood upon the brink of some frightful revelation, which should overwhelm us all together. The undefined terror of it-it must have been-has worked upon me for weeks past, and it was my pleading at last which has induced my mother to forego whatever remains of the purpose she had in view. We will leave here very soon, and never intrude again as unhappy reminders of this wretched time."

He did not doubt her sincerity, but failed uterly in reading what nature of passion it was had weighed upon her—what more than re-morse at being the passive instrument to bring torture home to her guardian, looked out from those pain-full, unfathomable eyes. She understood his unconsciousness with a dread sinking at her heart lest this concession might come too late to effect the end planned. If he should hold fast to the advantage her mother had put in his hands—what then? She knew that, held to her promise by him, Coral would fulfill it if even her heart broke by doing so—that much for the proud will which had a prototype in the one-time sacrifice of Coral's mother. Her heart thrilled with some slight assurance of success

as he answered her, warmly:
"You have done a greater service than perhaps you imagine, Miss Harland. I thank you for it from my heart, through my own deep in-terest in their welfare; but it will soon be understood that my relation to the family has changed. Deeply and faithfully as a friend can serve them will I devote myself to their cause, out with no thought of being ever closer than a friend. You, with your woman's sympathetic feelng, may be able to understand Coral's shrinking from the love and protection I offered her; I am hurt that she should have deemed me so angenerous, bitterly angry with myself for the blindness which never acknowledged her re-pugnance to the marriage proposed. I shall be a lonely man all my days, Miss Harland, the more so for having hoped something better; but happier than if she had been forced on to

that unwilling consummation."
"It need not be so," Ruby said, the tenderness of wistfulness softening her voice. strength of manhood does not often succumb unresistingly to disappointment, the pain can be put down and new promise found for the will to have it so. Even steadfast hearts have been caught in the rebound before this, Mr.

"Never where their tenderest chords have been touched. I shall not drivel weakly over my lost chances—no more fancy to replace them. I shall go back to my place among the world's workers and strive to benefit humanity rather than sour against it. I, too, shall leave Richmond very soon, Miss Harland. I have persuaded Dolph to relinquish to me the enterprise he was about to engage in, and the few months' coasting along the Florida shore shall be the prelude to a voyage eastward, with the probability of never setting foot upon my native soil again. Notwithstanding Scott's stirring appeal, and the inborn affection which clings to the land of one's nativity, I shall not pine for the home which strangers will inhabit, or the fancy which will never be reality to me. Inactivity breeds misanthropical tendencies; earnestness in the pursuit I have chosen never fails to recognize the fascination of the roving life it involves."

Still he did not understand the cold pallor

settled over the darkly-beautiful face, or the mpassioned light burning in the glance which mutely implored him. For a moment and then it dropped away; a pang of exquisite bitterness wrenched her heart, though she answered,

"Let us hope for some different result; and your life deserves a pleasanter finale than that you depict, noble and useful, but woefully un-satisfactory withal. Its closing chapter should hold the recompense merited by such self-abnegation. Among the dusky-eyed sirens of the East there may be one found to accomplish the

apparently impossible fact."
He shook his head, smiling slightly. No woman can ever be so fair in my eyes as the women of my own country, Miss Harland. None other can appeal to me with more than passing admiration.

Again that intensely mournful gaze turned to him, but quickly withdrawn. you take the assurance, then, of the last abiding wishes for your welfare, the truest appreciation of your noble, sacrificing spirit,

from one of your countrywomen? I shall not fail to remember you with kindest regard."

She turned, walking away with the self-reliant, queenly poise which was notably characteristic of both mother and daughter, leaving him a little startled by the earnestness of her utterance, but forgetting that and her as Mr. Stuyvesant, coming in, drawn by the glimmer

of light, paused in the parlor entrance.

His anxious, worn face told Tracy how fruitless his quest had been. two of sympathy interchanged, of questioning and reply, as these two men, once engaged in a desperate rivalry, since knit together firmest of mutual affections, stood there to-

Miss Lang came gliding in, with her thin, sallow face expressionless as ever, her pale eyes with a furtive gleam under their downcast lids. She had heard Mr. Stuyvesant's entrance, and came to ask if there was news to carry her mis-There was none, of course. panion had not expected there would be, and was moving away again, when Clive detained

her with a question. "You nursed Coral past the crisis of her illness, Miss Lang. Did you gain no hint of the intention, which she must have revolved for some time previous to putting it into execution?"

Not any, sir." "And there was no one who might have influenced her to the step? Of course not, or, you being with her, would have known, aside from the evidence of her note, which shows it

to have been her own choice 'I'm not so sure; it's just possible that Mrs. Harland might have known something of She watched for an hour or so the night Miss Coral was conscious first. The fever notions take strong hold just at first sometimes, and she may have been encouraged in one. I don't say

t was so, however. Mrs. Harland!" ejaculated Mr. Stuyvesant, "Why did you not tell that before, Miss Lang? I had no suspicion that Mrs. Harland penetrated to my daughter's room except once or twice she aused in passing to make inquiry."
"I thought nothing of it," Miss Lang answer-

ed, meekly. "Her orders were to be obeyed after she came first, and it didn't seem strange to me she should be interested in Miss Coral's "Very well, Miss Lang. That will do."
"What do you think?" Mr. Stuyvesant asked, after she had gone. "Could she have an object in prompting Coral to the course? I thought it possible at first."
"I think not. I have been surprised by the

assurance of a great concession on the part of Mrs. Harland. She has promised to leave you undisturbed by any act of hers hereafter—promised, meaning it, I really believe."

He briefly sketched his interview with Ruby 'It's not like Margray to break a promisonce given," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, "but be sure slie has some deeper object in view than comes to the surface now. Had that promise been given before Coral's disappearance instead of since, I would suspect her of complicity."
"I have been losing sight of another subject

My purpose in seeking you to-night is to relinquish all claim to Coral's hand—the surest means of hastening her return. I can not now excuse the selfish blindness which prompted my course, but I shall do what I can toward rectiying my own grave mistake." There he re lated at length the change which had been agreed upon between himself and the young lover, whom Coral's heart had favored from the first. "Dolph is impatient to obtain an audience," he said, in conclusion. "Mr. Stuyvesant, it is my conviction that he should know the truth before he sees your daughter. He will be true and firm as steel; the danger of your secret's betrayal is past, and if it were not so their happiness in each other would outweigh the interference of his family or the comments of the world at large. I have changed my views, but I have had evidence to warrant the change. Tell Dolph, and let it stop there. Trust to him to come bravely through the or-

"I believe you are right. Heaven bless you. Tracy, for this generous conduct-more than I deserve at your hands. And thank your Maker man, for your sacrifice so nobly given this night if it spares you a lifetime of anguished atonement such as I have suffered."

It was the only time the old rivalry was even remotely broached between them. It was a remembrance both were willing to bury in this intercourse of the present, and Mr. Stuyvesant turned away abruptly as if to avoid any response coming back from a turn across the floor to urge:

Come around with Dolph in the morning Tracy. I want your countenance to help me through with the whole pitiful story. Such a weight as has preyed upon me leaves me a very coward at thought of touching that concealed skeleton in our home lives."

If it was a sore heart he carried through the night with his present anxiety weighing upon him, and the contemplation of the misery which must be passed in review again, there was also another sore heart beneath his roof, shrinking with a numbing dread from the bleak prospective of life lying before.

Mrs. Harland, coming back from the pretended mission she had undertaken, found a mellow glow of light in her room, the summery warmth of atmosphere in strong contrast to the storm and cold without, and the quiet of unoccupancy reigning. She assured herself of that a little disappointedly by a glance around. She had expected to find Ruby awaiting with the result of her interview with Tracy—for Mrs. Harland's out-going had occurred between the delivery of the latter's card and her daughter's appearance

She removed her wrappings, and, after an interval, crossed the corridor separating their apartments to tap at Ruby's door. There was no answer, and, turning the silver knob, she went in without further warning.

Ruby was stretched upon a couch, a rigidly motionless figure, but at her mother's entrance her eyes, which had been closed, opened wide as if the fire burning in them scorched the lids, the gray pallor on her face, which had come there with Clive's announcement of his proposed life exile.

"What does it mean, my child?" her mother sailed her. "Ruby, tell me quickly, what has occurred?"

The curse you visited upon their lives recoiling home, mother. Your vengeance should remain with them until death, you said, and l have entered upon the weary hopelessness of my life. The desert path, the foreshadowing of which grew into pictured fancy under my fingers, is the barron reality of all my life to

come."
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 162.)

Barbara's Fate:

A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL. AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VACANT CRIB.

VERY cozily indeed looked the dining-room of Mr. De Laurian's house that evening as he entered it from the glare and racket outside in the city streets. His business completed to his satisfaction, he felt in a very delightful mood as he sauntered into the library, and from thence to the elegant dining-room.

The drawing-room was empty, he had seen as he passed by, and no noises were to be heard in the house. Regina was invisible, but his elief du cuisine was all attention, and he sat down to the delicious dinner in solitary state. He leaned back in his chair, carelessly toying

with his silver teaspoon as he glanced over the evening papers, while the stately ebon statue poured the coffee. The cloth was laid for two, which was unusual, Blanche preferring her meals in her own room.

But to day, so sure was he that she would have acceded to his demands, that before he had left the house he had given orders for the second plate.

The table was richly decorated with massive

plate, gleaming crystal and rose and gold-banded Sevres china, and it had been the thought of how Blanche's sweet face would look behind coffee-urn that had sped him home that

Through the orange-silk curtains the last sunsetting rays were falling, and yet Blanche had not come, or sent.

Where was she then, he wondered? At first he had believed her repulse was genuine, and he had bit his lips in disappointment; but, as he thought of it, it seemed to him that she could not but reconsider her indignant denial. He

grew impatient, and rung for Regina.

Receiving no answer to his imperative sum mons, and not daring to think any thing could be the matter, he himself went up-stairs direct to the front chamber which Blanche had occu-

To his horror and consternation it was empty She and Regina were gone; Blanche had es caped him! With a muttered curse on his lips he sat

down to consider what to do. There was but one explanation to the disaperance. Regina had played him false, and, gether with Blanche, had sought safety and iberty.

"The old witch! the treacherous cat!"

The words hissed from his lips as he paced to and fro in the elegant room, his eyes bloodshot with anger, his lips trembling with passion under his amber mustache.
She had not returned to Chetwynd Chase he

felt almost certain; in New York, who was there to whom she could fly? He bit his lips as he thought of Braxton and

"It is to them she has appealed, and I doubt not that by this very moment that long-delayed message is on its way! Perdition seize me for

trusting to any woman's word!"

His delicate dinner was untouched that night and the man had his orders to take it away while De Laurian, too restless to remain seated too angry to enjoy a cigar, wandered aimlessly

through the house.

He had been at great expense in furnishing it, as he believed Blanche would approve Every thing had been done with an eye to her taste, and she had cordially admired, little knowing it was intended for a gilded cage for

He would be obliged to go to work very cautiously to gain the clue of her whereabouts; and as he had but lately mingled among men as he used to do, he rather dreaded any notoriety when it became known that not he alone, but Blanche Davenal also, had, as it were, arisen from their graves.

He knew, as well as old Mr. Drayton, that he

could not compel Blanche to render him obedience; and he also knew that Blanche would be approved by all the world in her allegiance to

So he sat and walked all that night, laying his plans. And when morning came he had decided that "the game was not worth the candle." In other words, his love for Blanche was secondary to the desire he had felt to humble her—and baffle Barbara Chetwynd. But, although he decided to let Roy have Blanche without any trouble on his part, he

was not at all so willing that Blanche should escape so easily from his hands.

She had defied him in word and deed; she had thwarted him when all things seemed most auspicious. He had rescued her, and now he was very much disposed to hunt her down on

another track, just to show her she could not, with impunity, afford to baffle him.

The immediate neighbors might have wondered where the lady, her nurse and baby had gone so suddenly; but no questions were pre-

The next morning after Blanche's escape ed flag was hung out the window; the furni ture sold at a "tremendous sacrifice," and No - street, left alone in its silent glory.

Mr. De Laurian had driven away in a coupe and that was the end of the little episode in that direction. But, during the two weeks that Blanche was

at Drayton's, awaiting her husband's and parents' coming, De Laurian was not idle. He had taken a room at the Astor House from which place he pursued his investigations as to Blanche's whereabouts. A private detective was acquainted with the leading facts, and

requested to discover her present abode. Not only within a week did De Laurian learn she was sojourning at Mr. Drayton's, on West Twenty-eighth street, but that a divorce was iled against him in King's office, that news had been sent across the Atlantic of Mrs. Davenal's safety, that the "Pacific" mail steamship would bring the party, and that Regina was in constant, devoted attendance upon her young mis-

To all this array of facts, De Laurian listened most earnestly; paid the detective and dismissed

So, then, all was fair weather with Mrs. Roy avenal. She had weathered the storms and was anchored fast in the harbor.

He smiled as he thought that, then coolly

ighted a cigar and commenced smoking it, ne slowly promenaded the apartment he called

him had passed, and he had been nursing in his neart the suggestions it had given him. It mat tered not that Blanche had suffered so that she was all unsinning herself in the matter; his own heart, as base as ever beat, was still re vengeful, if not jealous, and the novelty of being baffled by her lent strength to his determination to reach her yet.

His thoughts were intensely occupied now by a villainous scheme he had arranged for her. Barbara Chetwynd was out of the way; Regina should not suspect; Blanche believed her-

self perfectly secure; hence, it was the time to strike, if ever.

The only difficulty he experienced was, whe-' him all the trouble he

ther it would "pay" his would be obliged to take. With his cigar in his mouth he walked out into Broadway to decide.

The entire family of the Draytons had driven in their barouche down to the Cunard landing to welcome the returning party, whose arrival was the occasion of so strange and ecstatic a Blanche, almost faint from her eager impa-

tience, remained at the house, where she might meet them and be greeted by the solemn privacy of home. Above-stairs, Regina watched the little Con

stanzia, as she slept among her laces and ruffles—the little one of whose existence its father did not know, or grandparents dream.

Blanche had dressed the baby with infinite

care, in a robe worthy its name and relation-A wide azure silk sash was tied around it, and elegant pearl and ruby armlets looped its sleeves.

The young mother had kissed it and given it to Regina while she went down to the parlor. Slowly as the minutes passed, it was not long before a cab rattled up to the door, and, through the hot, blinding tears that hung like mist over ner strained eyes, Blanche saw first Roy leap therefrom, in impatient haste, followed by Mrs. Chetwynd and her father.

There was one second of agonized waiting, and then, with sobs of rapturous joy, too in-tense for words, Roy rushed into the room and clasped her in his arms.

It was a wild, fearful embrace: that grash ng his loved from the grave, as it were; while the mother, in an agony of tears, so keen were her emotions, clasped a hand, and Mr. Chet-

Scarcely a word was spoken; a solemn, holy oy, too deep for utterance, bound them in si

Then Roy led her away to the window, and gazed in her soft, sweet eyes, as though his senses never again could be filled with the sight of her. Later, when their tongues were unloosened,

and questions could be asked and answered,

the whole pitifully-sad story was told, from be ginning to end. At first Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd could not credit the truth; but when Regina was called down from the slumbering babe, and Mr. Drayon added his belief, they, too, were constrained to accept the unwelcome truth. It was a great shock to them, and Rex, as he listened in dumb silence, grew pitiful to behold, as all his love,

his confidence, was swept away at one fell

"And yet I will refuse to credit all," he said,

ested, and he turned away to hide it.

And all this while Blanche was keeping her sweet secret; then, when Mrs. Chetwynd was earnestly questioning Regina, and Mr. Drayton engaging her father in conversation, she slipped from the room, with beating heart, to bring her little Constanzia down. But Roy's watchful eyes saw her depart, and immediately ne followed her, overtaking her at the foot of the stairs.

"I couldn't lose the sight of you so soon. even for a moment. Oh, my darling, my own darling wife!"

Blanche nestled in his strong, glad arms with erfect peace shining from her eyes. "You never can know, much as you love me, Roy, all the terrible anguish I have passed

through. But I am more than repaid, dearest, by this hour; and when you learn what I have been holding in reserve, you will be happier yet. Roy"—and she lifted her mouth to his ar-" we've a baby daughter, alive and well. Little Constanzia." His face lighted up with a luminous pride

"My darling Blanche! indeed I am doubly blest! Take me to her, that I may give her her father's blessing—this other little treasure natched from the grave." With light steps and happy hearts, that left impress on their expectant faces, they entered the room, and tiptoed across to the lace-cano-

pied crib. Blanche tenderly removed the linen sheetand a piercing scream burst from her.

"Who has taken her out? Roy-where is Her loud, agonized scream brought Regina in breathless haste. Her countenance turned fairly green with fear as she gazed, half bewil-

dered, at the empty crib.
"May God help you—but I solemnly believe your baby has been stolen by Gervaise De Laurian! I left her sleeping fifteen minutes ago and no one in this house has come up-stairs."

With a fearful, heart-curdling cry, Blanche

sunk insensible beside the little vacant crib. CHAPTER XXXV.

THE "STAR" OF THE BOARDS.

THE intensest confusion and excitement intantly began their reign in Mr. Drayton's mansion

His family, who, after greeting the returned tourists at the Cunard wharf, had, with com-mendable discretion, prolonged their drive home in order that the meeting might be private, drove up to learn the pitiful news just it became known. Words seemed so powerless to depict the terrible anguish that came upon that household when the fact became undis puted that Mrs. Davenal's baby had been kid-

It seemed so much harder to be borne, under the peculiar circumstances that had reunited them; and when the news went forth, as it did spreading like wildfire, sympathy and tenders of assistance came pouring in a flood upon them.

Immense rewards were offered for the re turn of the child, or information that would lead to its recovery.

Detectives were sent out on Gervaise De Laurian's track, for there was not the slightest doubt but that he had done, or instigated, the But success was not to be now

Various false rumors reached them from day to day, but these all proved as such, and when a fortnight had gone, there was less clue than Through all these trials. Blanche, the long

tried, sore-afflicted mother, lay in a delirium of fever; and in the terrific struggle between life and death, they feared, if life were at last saved her reason never could stand the shock.

those sad, sad eyes, that should never smile again, that would ever bear that brooding, eternal shadow in their brown deeps, they knew she was sane, and for it thanked the inscrutable Mercy that had mixed so bitter a cup for them to drink.

Pallid, trembling, and heartbroken, she desired to be taken home to Chetwynd Chase and, with sad good-byes, they left the hospita-ble house of the Draytons, and returned to their silent, long-deserted home, just as the first Sep ember days began, and there another surprise waited them.

They found the servants had returned from a holiday Mrs. Rex had given them—Regina having prepared them for that news—and finding the mansion deserted by Barbara, had taken up on themselves to force an entrance into the ser vants' wing, beyond which they had not intrud-

Much as Mr. Chetwynd and his wife, and Roy, expected to find Barbara gone, they were hardly prepared for the grief and anguish that fell upon Rex when he could no longer doubt the fact of his wife's foul perfidy and guilt.

The poor fellow wandered through the halls ike one demented; and what with Blanche's crushing grief, it seemed as if a Curse, indeed and enwrapped them all in its somber folds. Little by little all hope of recovering baby Constanzia was abandoned, and the weeks changed to months on their leaden pinioned vings, while a sad, mute sorrow, seemed ever brooding over the unfortunate family.

And all this while not a word had ever come of Barbara. Columns of personals had been printed in the Herald, in all imaginable forms, out had failed to elicit a word from her.

Rex, restless and miserable, when the first beignancy of his grief wore off, left Chetwynd chase on a tour of investigation, and the immediate family settled down in a quiet, retired way seeing visitors, of course, when they came, and paying a few calls that courtesy imperatively emanded, and which their sorrows could not be allowed to meddle with.

And all these days Blanche Davenal's heart was sinking, sinking with despair; her whole nature crying out against the awful, inhuman sin that had been committed against her; while Gervaise De Laurian-

He had not remained in New York after the day of the Chetwynds' arrival; it was very warm, and, in obedience to all his impulses, he gave up his room at the Astor, and started off on an imless pleasure tour.

Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, were in turn patronized; then, ennuied, and pleasuresurfeited, he resolved to run over to England. and if he enjoyed himself, tour it all over the continent. As with Gervaise De Laurian to will was to

do, in a fortnight after—while Blanche Daven-al sat meaning and weeping amid the October orightness that glowed around Chetwynd Chase —he smoked his cigar in a fashionable restaurant in London, and wondered how he should pass the first evening of his arrival. Conspicuous among the placards on the wall of the har room, was an announcement that Miss Ethel Wyndham, the charming actress and songstress, that night appeared in the famous role of riel, the Avenger," in "Hunted Down." Her beauty was extolled in warmest terms, and her

proudly. "I will see her first, and then—and then—"

His face grew stony with the anguish sugthe Prince of Wales Theater, where this star of the highest magnitude condescended to shine, secured a seat in the parquette, and, as usual with gentlemen of his style, began looking

around for pretty women's faces.

To the preceding farce he paid no attention, nor was it until thunders of applause shook the house, as Miss Wyndham came gracefully to the footlights, that he turned his eyes to the

stage. He saw a magnificent-looking woman, cold as an iceberg, haughty as an empress, bowing to the admiring crowd. He saw the darkly flashing eyes, the streaming raven black hair, the perfect form, all as in a dreamy maze. Could it be possible? Was he in a trance, or were all these people around him living beings?

woman on the boards of the Prince of Wales Theater she whom he had betrayed, who had bade him remember she "was not yet done with His eyes were riveted eagerly on her, watchng every motion as she moved about the stage Gradually he decided that the resemblance was not so great as he at first thought. Miss Wynd-

Was he really himself, and was that brilliant

ham's voice, though mellow and pleasant, had not that rich redundancy of musical tone that Again; and with a curse on his stupidity, he remembered "her" hair was brown, deeply, brown, 'tis true, but very unlike Miss Wyndham's ebon tresses that curled in loose masses from forehead to waist, while "hers"

had fallen one heavy, arrowy tress, almost to But this Miss Wyndham was superlatively lovely; she was the "rage," and more than all, to Gervaise De Laurian, she was "new."

So, weary of the same old faces, this bright,

sunny-eyed one impressed him keenly, and he inquired quite earnestly about her.

He learned she was only "Miss" on the stage:

she really was a widow, with one child, who had come to London at the death of her husband, to earn her fortune by her art. Not a word that she uttered escaped him; his admiration increased, his interest deepened and when a shower of bouquets and wreaths fel at her feet, at the conclusion of "Hunted Down," there was one tiny offering of a tube cose and jessamine leaves, to which was attach ed a card bearing the name of the giver—"Gervaise De Laurian.'

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 158.)

Take Notice!—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, THE SPECTER BARQUE, a Tale of the Pacific, commences this week. Having been written expressly for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

The Mad Detective: THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "WOLF DEMON,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES
OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

GORMAN O'SHANE, Esq., as he delighted to style himself, left the presence of Rosaline Ameston a little bewildered in his mind.

"What the divil does she want to see that thafe of the world, Blackie, for?" he muttered, as he descended the stairs of the hotel. to break off the marriage between him and the wax-doll beauty, I wonder? Arrah! these wo men are at the bottom of all trouble in this world, and have been, too, since the days of Eve. Oh, why didn't father Adam l'ave the ap-ple alone, bad 'cess to him?' By the time he had finished his reflections he had gone down to the office. Passing through, he emerged pon the sidewalk.

He hesitated for a moment.

"Shall I take an omnibus, or walk?" he muttered; then, after thinking for a moment, he decided to walk. So, proceeding through the ross street, he went at once to Madison avenue As he turned the corner of the avenue he appened to glance behind him, and noticed a entleman, dressed in a dark-gray suit, coming eisurely up the street, following in his track This fact of course had nothing in connection with it to call for any particular attention from O'Shane, except that the face and form of the man in gray seemed to be familiar to him.
"Be gobs! I've seen him before somewhere,"

O'Shane muttered; yet at the instant he could not remember where. But there was nothing in this fact either to call for especial remark and O'Shane went on his way up the avenue. But, as he walked briskly onward he specu

lated as to what would be the result of the coming interview between the diamond beauty and the wild and reckless Blackie. "Faix! the fat will be in the fire sure!" he

muttered. "She loves him, the thafe of the world, wid his aisy, illigant ways, and sure she's not the woman to give him up to another. Irish blood in her veins is up, and she'll take him away from the other gurl out of spite a blundering blockhead I am! I ought to have kept my tongue between my teeth, and not have been after letting the cat out of the bag Sorra a taste of that hundred dollars will I ge at all, at all. Faix! I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it!" and O'Shane cut vi ciously at the air with the light switch can which he carried. "Oh! the blunderhead that am! When I went to the house, why didn' I keep away!" and again he whirled his can around and cut at the air. Then, suddenly remembering that he was giving vent to his emo tions in the open street, he looked around to see if any one was noticing him. And as he looked back, to his astonishment

he discovered that the man in gray was coming up the street behind him. A low whistle came from the lips of the Irishman. All at once the knowledge of where he had seen that man be ore flashed upon him.

As he had followed Rosaline up the stairs of the Hoffman House he had noticed this man lounging carelessly in the hallway of the hotel, and then after the interview with her, on coming again into the entry he had again seen the man gray sauntering listlessly up and down the hallway. At the time, of course, he had not thought that there was any thing worthy of notice in the affair, but now that the man in gray seemed to be dogging his footsteps, O'Shane began to be uneasy.

"It's after me, sure, he is," the Irishman muttered, and then carefully in his mind he rebeauty was extolled in warmest terms, and her wiewed the transactions in which he had taken ed or wondrous talent was too grand to express. A part during the last year. "I've done nothing tion.

fledgling in her art, she had already had half at all," he mused, satisfied that he had no part in any action likely to place a spy upon his footsteps. "What does the blaggard mane by follering me? By me soul! if I thought that

it was follering me that he was after, I'd turn round and ax him what he wanted." And all this time O'Shane had been walking

briskly on, and the man in gray still steadily followed in his track. "Bedad!" cried O'Shane, suddenly, "I'll find out if it's me you're after, me jewel, and, if it is, I'll come to the fore wid an explanation, ye

blaggard, or me name's not Gorman O'Shane!"
And, acting on this thought, O'Shane turned into Thirtieth street and went through it to Fifth avenue, then up Fifth avenue to Thirty-first street, and through Thirty-first street to Madison avenue again.

O'Shane had kept a close watch upon the gentleman in gray, taking advantage of turning the corners to glance carelessly behind without betraying to the pursuer that he had a suspi-cion he was being followed, and, to O'Shane's intense disgust, he found that the man followed him closely, yet without apparently paying any attention to him. "The blaggard is after me, sure enough!" he muttered, in anger, twirling the light cane vio-lently in the air. He had just turned into

Madison avenue, and the follower was coming up Thirty-first street. Then a sudden thought came into O'Shane's mind, and he halted suddenly.
"Bedad! I'll lay a trap for ye, me jewel!"
he exclaimed, and he whisked the switch through the air gleefully. "I'll make ye explain what ye mane, ye blaggard, by follering a jintleman like Gorman O'Shane through the

streets of New York. He's some dirty spy of an informer, I'll go bail, but sorra's the charge they can bring ag'in' me. Faix! my conscience O'Shane was only some ten or twelve steps from the corner, and he turned back and advanced quickly until he was only a yard or so from it, and then, as he heard the steps of the other advancing at Thirty-first street, he step-

face to face on the corner. It was the Virginian, Colonel Campbell!

He did not appear at all astonished as the
Irishman stepped suddenly in his way and compelled him to halt.

ped briskly forward and met the man in gray

"I beg your pardon, sir," said O'Shane, drawing himself up, stiffly. "You needn't beg my pardon; you don't owe me any thing," said the colonel, placidly, and not in the least ruffled by the decidedly of-

fensive manner of the Irishman.

"Then I won't beg your pardon!" cried O'Shane, enraged at the man's manner.

"It don't make the slightest bit of difference to me whether you beg my pardon or don't beg it," returned the Virginian, coolly.

"See here, what do ye mane by follering me?" exclaimed O'Shane, beginning to lose his temper.

temper.

"Following you?" said the colonel, apparently astonished at the accusation.

"Yis!" replied O'Shane, angrily; "it's of no use for ye to deny it! I've kept me eyes on handly."

ye, me beauty."
"Oh, you have?" questioned the colonel, in the quietest manner possible.
"Yis, I have," retorted O'Shane, exasperated by the coolness of the other.

And you think that I have been following you? 'I know ye have! It's no use for ye to at-

tempt to deny it!"
"Well, if it's of no use, I won't attempt to deny it," and the colonel actually looked into the face of the other and smiled.

The Irishman took a firmer grip of his light cane and felt a very strong inclination to lay it over the back of the man in gray, but, with a great effort, he restrained his angry passions. And is it a spy of the dirty police ye are ?" cried O'Shane, in withering contempt. "Maybe ye'd like to know who and what I am. There's

my card, sir," and O'Shane shoved the little piece of pasteboard under the nose of stranger. He, without manifesting any anger at all,

coolly read the name. Gorman O'Shane. You're an Irishman, eh?" "And what's that to the likes of you?" demanded O'Shane, fiercely. "What is that to me?" retorted the colonel,

in surprise; "nothing at all that I'm aware of. I only mentioned the fact, just as I would have done if you had been a Dutchman or a Frenchman. 'Have ye any business wid me?" demanded O'Shane, utterly astounded at the coolness of a

perfect stranger None that I am aware of, sir.' "And which way are ye going?" questioned O'Shane, hotly.

"My first impression is to reply that that is none of your business," returned the colonel, not in the least excited; "and my second which I shall follow—is to ask what possible interest that can be to you?" "Because I don't choose to have ye spying

me any more!" exclaimed O'Shane, in anger.
"Be gobs! I've half a mind to dust your
jacket!" and O'Shane flourished the switch vigorously in the air. "You might be worried if you tried it," the colonel said, tersely.

And then the two men measured each other with their eyes.
O'Shane, hot-headed and hot-blooded as he was, could not help perceiving that in physical strength he was no match for the stoutly-built stranger, who had also the advantage of years

on his side; so, with a great effort, he swallow-ed his rage as best he could. Ye know who I am, me foine fellow, and, if it's wanted I am, it's mighty aisy to find me widout putting a spy upon me," O'Shane said, with dignity; then he turned upon his heel and proceeded up the street. He never once glanced behind him, but, as he ascended the steps of the Van Tromp mansion, his eyes caught sight of the man in gray, still following him, a block or

CHAPTER XX. ERNESTINE'S TRUST.

so down the avenue.

BLACKIE sat in the parlor of the Van Tromp mansion. Two hours of sleep had bansned an traces of the liquor from his face, and he looked as careless and as happy as usual; yet every now and then, a cloud would come over his face and for a few minutes he would appear to be lost in thought.

His meditations were interrupted by the en-

trance of Ernestine Van Tromp.

She came into the parlor, evidently expecting to find it unoccupied, and she gave just a little bit of a start when Blackie rose from the recesses of the easy-chair and advanced to meet

"I am so glad you have come," he said, in his frank, careless way. "I have one of my sad fits on and I was just wishing for some music to drive it away. Will you play for me?"
"Oh, yes, with pleasure," the girl answered, and yet, though she complied so quickly, her voice trembled as she spoke, and a faint blush stole into her cheeks and forehead.

She seated herself at the piano while he leaned on the side of the instrument, his old posi"What shall I play?" she questioned.

"Any thing you like," he replied, and as he spoke he gazed upon her with such an expression in his dark, luminous eyes that the girl felt sadly ill at ease

Never in all her life had she seemed to play so badly. It was an old, familiar waltz, so simple, so easy, and yet she could not play it through correctly, and at last gave it up in de-

Blackie had watched the face of the girl narrowly; an old, experienced man of the world, twenty times at least had he whispered sweet words into some fair girl's ears, and seen the eyelids droop and the red blush kindle on the cheeks and pearly forehead; and now, the face of Ernestine Van Tromp was like an open book to him, and what he read therein made his heart

leap with a fierce throb of joy. The girl was turning over the music-pages listlessly, endeavoring to hide her confusion. 'Why, Ernestine, how nervous you are," he

said, carelessly, She gave just a little start; he had never called her Ernestine before, and never in all her life had she heard the name sound so sweet-

'I am such a wretched player," she answered, avoiding his glance.

"Ah, you must not say that!" he exclaimed, lightly. "I am sure you play excellently, some-

Yes; but I can not play at all to-day "But, you have driven my dull thoughts away already," he replied, gayly. "See how much I owe you!"

A faint smile came over her face as she lis tened to his words, but she did not speak. "I suppose that I must bid you good-by

soon," he continued. With a sudden start, Ernestine rose to her feet, and an anxious look came over her face and shone in the depths of her great, blue eyes. If Blackie had wanted proof that she cared for him, the start and look would have convinced

him.
"You are going away?" she asked, evidently

"Yes, I must go," he answered, softly, and he half-averted his face from her.
"But I thought that you intended to make quite a long stay with us? Elbert told me so,' she said, anxiously.

Yes, I did intend to stay longer, but-" and Blackie hesitated.

"But what?" asked the girl, quickly. "Is there a reason why you wish to go away?" and she came close to his side and laid her little white hand upon his arm.

"And you will tell me that reason, won't you?" she said, imploringly. "I hope that you are not offended at any thing."

"Offended!" cried Blackie, impulsively, and acting on the spur of the moment, he placed his arm around the slender waist of the girl. The fair red and white face, so regular in its beauty, was flushed crimson with the tell-tale blood as she felt the slight pressure of his arm around her waist. The golden lashes came slowly down until they rested on the soft cheeks, and the clear blue eyes, so round and so innocent,

were hid from view.

A moment Blackie gazed into the tell-tale face and his heart told him that the girl was his without a word, and yet he spoke, for he had

"No, Ernestine, you have all treated me like a prince ever since I had been beneath this roof. I am going away because I feel that I am in danger here."
"In danger?" she murmured, slowly.

"Yes, and that danger comes from you."
"From me?" and the heart of the girl throb bed convulsively as she spoke the simple words the air around her seemed full of sweet in cense, her head swam, she was conscious of one thing only, that his arm encircled her waist and his breath fanned her cheek.

"Yes, from you," he repeated. "I feel that main silent: I must tell you the thoughts that are in my heart or fly far from the sweet witchery of your presence. Shall I speak or be si-

lent? go or stay Oh I what an effort it cost the girl to utter one little word—a word, too, which filled her soul with happiness. The truant blood leaped wildly in her veins, it flushed her face and mounted even to her brain. But at last, after what seemed an age of delicious joy, she spoke :

A little word, so lightly uttered, that it seem ed more like the echo of a sound than the sound

But to the quick ears of the lover, the sweet whisper of assent sounds in trumpet tones.
"My own dear girl!" he said, fondly. "But, Ernestine, before I speak, listen to the history of him who has forgotten prudence, strong resolutions, and almost forgotten honor, enchanted by the witchery of your dear self. You are a wealthy heiress while I am penniless. You have every thing and I nothing. Besides, I am a wild and reckless fellow, who has not passed untouched through the temptations of the world. I am so far beneath you, Ernestine, not only in wealth and social position, but in habits and temper, that to dare to hope to raise my eyes to you were as foolish as the madman's desire to pluck down one of the stars from the

sky to pin upon his mantle. Ernestine, I do not love, I worship you."

The girl's quick ears were drinking deep in the honey of his words, and after the last ca-dence had fallen on the air, and no sound broke the stillness save the long-drawn breath and the quick pulsations of the two beating hearts, like one under the influence of a spell, she remained motionless and silent. Blackie, with an anxious gaze, watched the

At last, with a sudden motion, the girl seemed to break the influence of the spell and regain

"I knew that I was rich and that you were not when we first met," she said. "I think that the woman who truly loves will never let riches weigh, even for a single moment, in the scale against love. 'Weigh nothing 'gainst love, weigh leve against the world!' Remember, you taught me that and I am an apt scholar. The more a woman can give the one she loves, the greater must be her pleasure in giving it.' And do you remember my social position?" he asked, furnishing her with weapons to use

against himself.
"You are a gentleman, and have been an officer in the service of your country; are there any higher titles in our republic?"
"No; but, Ernestine, there may be another

reason why I am not worthy to seek your hand." Slowly the words came; had each one been a drop of blood, they could not have cost him

more pain.
"I do not think that by any act of yours you will ever disgrace the woman who trusts all her happiness in your keeping," was the confident

a dismantled wreck drifting along, caring nothing for the past and but little for the future. I had no ambition—no hope in life. I rather had no ambition—no hope in life. I rather sought temptation than avoided it. Then, I met you. Your face to me was like the sight of land to the shipwrecked sailor, a possibility of land to the shipwrecked sailor and the land to the shipwrecked sailor and the land to the shipwrecked sailor a

that in this life there might yet be happiness for me. And when I look back at what my life has been, I ask myself, am I worthy to try for the love of such a girl as you are? But, in spite of myself, I have spoken. My love blinded my reason, and I thought of nothing but my love. I have been a slave to a vice which crushes the best of a man's notice?

crushes the best of a man's nature."
"I knew your fault," she said, gently; "I am not blind, though Elbert may think me so. You are a slave to wine. Can you not give that up for the sake of the woman who loves you?" 'And do you dare to trust me?" he asked, trembling as he put the question.

Trust you !" single moment she looked him in the face, and then blushingly she laid her head down upon his shoulder. And by that act Ernestine confessed her love.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FAMILY SKELETON. For full five minutes the lovers remained motionless; their happiness was too great for words. Then Ernestine gently withdrew her-self from the embrace of her lover, her fair face covered with blushes.

"Come, sit down," she said, extending her hand to him. "Since you have spoken so freely to me it is but right that I should be equally frank with you."

Blackie wondered at these words, as well as

at the serious look which came over the face of the girl.

The two sat down by one of the windows,

yet far enough from it, shaded as they were by the heavy curtain, to escape notice from any passer-by in the street. Blackie sat in the great easy-chair, while the

girl drew an ottoman by his side, and sunk gracefully down on it, resting her arm upon the chair, and looking up into Blackie's face. His arm stole gently around the slender waist, and he imprisoned one of her little hands

within his own. The gaze of Ernestine, which at first had sought Blackie's face, dropped gradually to the floor, and the loving look which her face had worn, as she felt the pressure of her lover's ouch, gave way to an anxious expression. Blackie had watched the changing of her face in wonder; he could not divine the nature of the communication which the maiden seemed to hesitate to make, and he waited in silence

for her to speak. At last she looked up suddenly in his face; 'Do you remember what Bulwer says in one of his works? 'Wise judges are we of each other!' I have often thought how apt-how true the words are. Only a few minutes ago you confessed to me, and now I must confess to you. The judge has become the culprit. Alexander," and her voice was low, soft and fond, as for the first time she pronounced the name that was so dear to her, "they say that every family has a skeleton in its closet; my family is not an exception to the rule. We are now betrothed, and yet it may be many a long, weary day before we can stand by the altar and exchange the vows which bind two lives in

Blackie listened in astonishment to the words but as yet he could not comprehend their mean

Ernestine looked up wistfully in his face, as if to detect the impression her communication had made, but she only saw faith in the face, and love strong shining from the dark-brown

'Alexander, I have learned to love you, and yet my reason should have told my heart that the passion was an almost hopeless one," she

continued slowly and sadly.
"Hopeless!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Yes, that is the word," she replied, with

downcast eyes. "I can not understand how that can be," he said, in wonder. "Are you not free to marry?"
"No," she replied, and she shook her head

Why, Ernestine, you speak in riddles!" he exclaimed. "I have heard your cousin, Elbert, speak a dozen times at least in regard to your marriage. He has often wondered and remark ed that he thought it strange that you have al

ways rejected your suitors.' There are two reasons for that," she replied "The first one is that until I met you, I never saw any one whom I fancied, and the second, the one that I have just told you. I am not

"But I do not understand you at all," he expostulated, puzzled. "You love me, Ernestine do vou not? "Yes," she murmured, inclining her head as

she spoke until it rested on his arm. "And loving me, do you not desire to be my

"Yes," again she murmured. "And yet you say that there is a reason which forbids our marriage?" "Yes," again the low tone, so full of quiet re-

signation. But explain this riddle !" he exclaimed. 'It is 'the skeleton in the closet,' "There is some family secret, then?"

"But Elbert does not know it ?" "No; I alone of all our family."

"But you do not doubt my love!" he exclaimed, quickly, bending his head and imprinting a "No, I do not," she replied; "but perhaps it would have been better for us both if we had

never met—never learned to love each other."
"Do not think that!" he rejoined, quickly it was our fate to meet and love; not many in this world escape their destiny, try how they may. But come confide in me. Tell me all frankly and freely."

"I can not tell you all, for the secret concerns another besides myself.

"Another!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"Yes; and until that other dies, I can never marry!" The girl uttered her words with

mournful accent and deep dejection.

Blackie was thoroughly astonished at this avowal. It was clear to him that Elbert Van Tromp had no suspicion of this family secret. "You are a gentleman," she continued, find-

ing that he did not speak; "you would wish to be proud of the woman to whom you gave your name and the shelter of your arms."
"Yes," said Blackie, quickly, "as I would be

justly proud of you, bright, beautiful girl that

She shook her head sadly.
"Think, then, how terrible would be the shock if some day you should discover that a dreadful disgrace covered with its mantle of name the woman whom you loved so well."

Blackie's face wore an expression of pro-ound astonishment as he listened to her words. reply.
"Ernestine, I will not, can not deceive you.
I have been a wild and foolish man. I was like a dismantled wreck drifting along, caring nothing along the first of the girl.

"A discrete attached to you?" he demanded,

world, and then shame is my portion forevermore.

"I can not believe but that you are laboring under some terrible delusion!" Blackie exclaimed. "You cannot be sensible of what you are saying when you make such a dreadful state-

"Oh, yes," was the sad reply; "I have revealed to you the bitter truth in all its terrible reality, so that you may see how hopeless is the chance that I may ever be your wife." "But I can not understand it; what has this

nameless person to do with you?" "That is the secret that I can not explain," she replied, "for, as I have said, it concerns another. While that person lives I shall never marry, for I should lead a life of endless tor-You would want your wife to be happy, to greet you with smiles and loving looks, not with tears and inward reproaches; I should live in an agony of fear, lest the terrible secret should be discovered, and the shame which I alone

ught to bear should also fall on you.' Mournful was the speech, yet the girl's man-ner was full of resignation to fate's stern de-

"Yet when the person you speak of dies, you "Yes; for the secret is only known to two beings in this world. If death should seal his

ips, there would no longer be danger of dis-Blackie, though sorely puzzled, was not the man to be dismayed.

"Do not despair, Ernestine," he said, cheerful-; "time works wonders. We are both young; a day even may free you from the influence of this strange affair. We can never tell what the future will bring forth. Ernestine, I shall regard you as my plighted wife until, with your own lips, you bid me not to love you more." "That will never be, I fear," she replied.

There was a violent ring at the door-bell, and, startled by the sound, Ernestine sprung to her

"A visitor," she said, as a servant entered the parlor, with the intelligence that Mr. O'Shane wished to see Mr. Blackie.

"Show him in here, Thomas," Ernestine or-

dered, and then, when the servant departed, extended her hand to Blackie, who clasped it warmly, and she left the room, passing O'Shane, who bowed gallantly to the fair young beauty,

The Irishman closed the door carefully behind him. He was evidently in a state of considerable excitement, and Blackie looked at him in wonder.

Whist, ye divil!" O'Shane exclaimed 'I've a message for ye."
"Yes? what is it?" Blackie asked, carelessly. "Miss Rosaline Ameston, of Nashville, Tennessee, wishes to see ye at the Hoffman House."

(To be continued-commenced in No. 167.)

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE base-ball season is now in full operation, nd the leading events of each week, both in the amateur as well as the professional arena, show a noticeable improvement in the style of lay; the remarkably small scores which mark he contests of the most prominent clubs of th classes proving the fact pretty conclusive

ly. We notice with special pleasure the increasing interest in the game manifested by the students of the various colleges of the country, the college club season opening more brilliantly than ever before known. This promises well for the very best interests of our national game for as we remarked some ten. more brilliantly than ever before known. This promises well for the very best interests of our national game, for—as we remarked some ten years ago—it is to the college club nines that we shall eventually have to look for the most exciting and earnestly fought contests of the generor. In the first rules, the ameters class. son. In the first place the amateur class generally can not spare the amount of time to training and practice that the collegians can, and though the professionals will always have the best facilities for acquiring that point of excellence in a practical knowledge of the game which thorough training and discipline yield, they will never possess that esprit du corps which is the feature of all college club contests, not to mention the drawback attendant upon the professional system of being almost entirely under the control and vicious influence of the gambling class. Moreover, in sports as in business, education produces superior workmen, and what your collegian lacks in training advantages in equaling the professional, is made up by his superior mental quali-fications, the rule being—given two nines of equal playing skill as regards physical attri outes, the more educated of the two nines will

in the long run come out victorious. THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA. Up to the close of May the series of contests in the professional arena had been marked by smaller scores and finer fielding displays than

ever before known in the first regular month of the season, the average of the scores of the winning nines in the championship contests not exceeding nine runs to a game. In fact a game "Yes; but it will be painful for me to speak, and painful for you to listen; that is, if you love me." She spoke with deep feeling.

"But you do not doubt me love "It." between two leading professional nines is not we give the record of the professional championship contests up to June 1st.

CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS. The record of the contests in the champion hip arena from April 14th to the last of May

s as as follows:

Clubs. Won. Lost. Played. Philadelphia 11 2
Baltimore 11 7
Athletic 8 3 Resolute..... 0 5

The average of runs to a game by the winning nines during April was sixteen runs and over to a match; in May it had been reduced to nine and over, thereby showing improved

The grand match of the season thus far was the game played at Philadelphia, May 14th, be-tween the Athletic and Philadelphia nines. It

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0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 Rms earned—Philadelphia, 0, Athletic, 1.
First base on Errors—Philadelphia, 5; Athletic, 3.
Bases on called balls—Philadelphia, 4: Athletic, 0,
Umpire—Scott Hastings, Baltimore, Md.
Time of Game—Three hours and five minutes.

COLLEGE GAMES. The season of college club nines for 1873 has pened more promisingly than any hither to mown. Up to June 1st the appended record will show that the play of the students has been

very lively.

The record of contests in which college	
ines have been engaged up to June 1 is a	s fol
ows: I Winda Jam book or wold han organ	
pril 9, Tuft's College vs. Boston	10 3
pril 19, Harvard vs. Boston	0 22
pril 26, Harvard vs. Boston	4 12
pril 30, Yale vs. Resolute	0 1
Tay 7, Yale vs. Boston	0 2
lav 10. Princeton vs. Yale	9
lav 10. Harvard vs. Boston	5 1
lav 14. Yale vs. Atlantic	2 1
lay 14. Tuft's College vs. Boston	3 134
lav 15. Rose Hill vs. Jasper	4 113
lay 17. Trenton vs. Rutger	3 1
lay 17. Yale vs. Riverton	2 1
Tay 20. Jasper vs. Rose Hill	4 1
lay 21, Princeton vs. Yale	0
Lay 21, Harvard vs. Boston	7 1
fav 22 Princeton vs. Harvard	3
Tay 24, Harvard vs. Yale1	6 1
Inv 24, Princeton vs. Resolute	6
Iay 28, Harvard vs. Boston	2 1
Iny 28, Tuft's College vs. King Philip.	3
lav 28. Yale vs. Mutual	2 1
Tay 29, Harvard vs. Mutual	3
May 31, Harvard vs. Yale	9
May 31, Harvard vs. Yale (Freshmen) 2	5
May 31, Rutger vs. Nautihatas	

The Springfield tournament, in which the college nines are to take part, will be between the Freshmen and not the University nines. Thus far the championship of the leading college club nines lies between Harvard and Prince-ton, the latter having the lead. The return match at Princeton will be an exciting contest.

championship the surprise of all and the special delight of all the Jersey collegians, the Princeton nine are showing up in the arena in the strongest form, even leading professional players having to suc-cumb to them. In our last we recorded their victory over Yale, and on May 22 they crown-ed the success of their Eastern tour by a victory over the champion Harvards in a game which was the model amateur contest of the season, and the best display of the beauties of the game, and the shortest full game and smallest score on record in the amateur arena. The

score below gives t	ne de	etans.	
PRINCETON.		HARVARD.	
	R. 1B.	R.	
Pell, p	011 1	Eustis, r. f1	
Ernst, 1st. b	0 0	Hodges, 2d b0	03
Bruyere, 8d. b	0 0	Cutter, l. 10	
Williamson, l. f	0 0	White, c0	
Paton, c. f	0 0	Hooper, p0	I.
Davis, c	1.1 1	Annan, 8. 8 0	13.
Fredericks, r. f	1 0	Eastabrooks, c. f0 Barker, 3d b0	1
Beach, s. s	. 0 0	Barker, 3d b0	Ç.
Lawrence, 2d. b	0 1	Kent, 1st. b0	
		. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Princeton		0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	10
Harvard and whole		0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	-

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement. TO ADVERTISERS.

Umpire—Ross Barnes, B. B. C. Errors—Princeton, 5; Harvard, 10. 1 Time of Game—1:35.



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eager welcome.

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for 1873.

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Poor Thomas Malta, let me heave a sigh O'er thy untimely doom;
Last night I heaved a brick and cut thee off
In all thy early bloom.

Too musical thon wast for one so young— Unstudied as thou wert: In all the notes of the ascending scale Thou wert an old expert.

Although no sailor, yet thy voice was heard Often on the high C. And thou couldst climb the highest caterwaul With great profanity.

When the soft moonlight slumbered on my shed, And I in dreams was luid, How often have I wakened up to hear Thy evening serenade!

I deemed thou wert too thoughtful of me then— Perhaps fell short in com-Prehension of thy too melodious tongue, Nor did thee justice, Tom.

Forever didst thou haunt the lonely roof

Beneath my window there; Intrusive felines on that sacred porch Thou couldst and wouldst not bear.

Against all other cats thou seemed at war— Ah, how thy fur did rise! Thou ever deemed thy little claws were made To scratch some other's eyes.

What will my neighbors and thy master say When he beholds thee dead? How will his heart be filled with pain to know Thy soul of music's fied?

Farewell, oh, Thomas Malta, fare thee well! Thy battles now are o'er;
My silent roof will count one feline less—
Oblivion one more.

Strange Stories.

THE HAUNTED TOWER, A LEGEND OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

LURID red sunk the sun in the west and the dark-purple clouds covered the face of the sky,

giving fair warning of the coming storm. The ocean waves dashed fiercely on the beet-ling rocks, and the bellowing of the Rumble Churn—as the vast, strange cavern in the rock was called, just below the gray towers of Dunstanburgh Castle—rose loud and clear on the

murky air of the Northumberland coast.

Along the winding way that followed the course of the shore a single horseman spurred his steed.

A gallant knight was that rider, Sir Hugh Montgomery by name, cousin to stout Percy, Earl of Northumberland, the "Hotspur" of the

Strewsbury's fight had been fought. The English Henry had broken the power of the rebels, led by gallant Hotspur and the Scottish Douglass, and all that claimed kindred with Earl Percy were banished and disgraced men.

Sir Hugh had fought right nobly on the stricken field, but Percy's death had decided the fight, and, not caring to fall into the power of the monarch, against whom he had raised the banner of rebellion, Sir Hugh had trusted to the heels of his good horse to bear him safe from the power of revengeful Bolingbroke.

A landless man, with naught in the world

but a good sword and a stout heart, Sir Hugh rode on, glancing wistfully every now and then up at the cloudy sky, which lowered so threatour Lady!" muttered the knight, "I

must find shelter soon or be drenched to the

Then, as he rode around a bend in the road, the gray towers of Dunstanburgh rose full be-

Aha!" quoth Sir Hugh, "yonder is shelter, but I must e'en keep mine own counsel and betray not that I am a fugitive from bloody Henry's power.

Hardly had the knight resolved to seek the shelter of the castle, when an aged peasant came hurrying up the road, evidently intent on gaining shelter before the storm broke.

The young soldier accosted the old man with

design to learn the name of the lord of the castle, perched like an eagle's nest upon the summit of the rocks overlooking the sea.

The old man crossed himself in horror when the knight asked the name of the castle's lord and expressed his intent to seek shelter there from the storm. Oh, young sir!" he cried, "rather face all

the fury of the elements than the dread, unknown dangers of the Haunted Tower. human being now dares to step a foot within yonder gray walls, where sleeps the enchanted lady in a tomb of glass, waiting for some daring soul to rescue her from the power of the wizard She was once the lady of Dunstansburgh; but, two hundred years ago, she strove to raise the fiends below by magic arts and secret spells, and, losing heart at the darkest hour, she became the prev of those whom she would have made her slaves. Since that time no human soul has dared to pass a night within the castle. Oh, sir, come with me to my humble cot, but do not tempt the rage of the Prince of Darkness by striving to break the spell which binds the enchanted lady."

"The holy waters of baptism sealed my soul to heaven long years ago," said Sir Hugh, "and that the Evil One can not harm. My life I do not value at a groat's fee in the cause of a fair lady. So, before I sleep, yonder gray towers shall yield their secret to me, or heaven shall

take my soul unto its holy keeping."

And, without waiting for further word, the knight spurred on toward the haunted tower. The darkness thickened and the big rain drops came down. Around the gray towers the forked lightning played in fiendish glee, but stout of heart was Sir Hugh Montgomery, and boldly he dismounted and entered the frowning portal, the door of which stood wide open.

The obscure birds of the night flew past the soldier with whirling wings and many a shrill cry as he advanced along the arched passage. And then, with a terrible clang, the massive doors closed behind him, as though shut by unseen hands; but the knight's firm heart quailed

The gloom of the shades below surrounded him; suddenly a portion of the massive wall flew open wide and revealed a circling stairway hewed in the solid stone, and on the stairway stood an aged man, robed like one of the sages of the far eastern clime, the home of necro-mancy. His sable robe bore many a charm in flery velvet, worked to conjure the fiends of the deep; around his head there played a living crown of flame; a wand of red-hot iron he bore in his naked hand.

Even the stout heart of Sir Hugh beat fast as he gazed upon that wondrous man.

"Sir knight! sir knight!" cried the wizard old, in a hollow tone, "a captive lady bright waits for you, if your heart be right and your nerves like steel be true, but, if you ever knew fright, forbear that lady to see, or many a long you'll rue the hour when first you entered

within these towers so gray."
"Lead on!" cried the knight, in a cheery tone; "that mortal never drew vital air who

ever witnessed fear in me!" Then down the winding stairs and through passage underground the wizard led, while

close behind came brave Sir Hugh with daunt-

Within a massive vaulted chamber at last the knight and the wizard stood. The wall was sable, and the floor of marble diamonds, black

A hundred marble steeds, black as the raven's back, stood round the massive hall, and by their sides a hundred marble knights, white as the snow, lay sleeping

A hundred lights dispelled the gloom of that vaulted chamber, and, by a magic charm, each glimmering taper was borne by a dead man's

At the end of the chamber a crystal tomb upheld its massive front, and within the glassy sepulcher was the fairest lady that earth had seen since the days of Eve; her eyes as blue as the vault above, her lips as scarlet as the flame. And by the crystal tomb two ghastly skeletons stood. That on the right held a sword, whose blade shamed a mirror for brightness, and he on the left held a horn, surely by no

mortal hands ever wrought.

And when the captive lady saw Sir Hugh, quick to her knees she sunk, and the tears which came from her eyes pierced straight to the heart of the knight. "Oh, what can I do for you, fair lady?" did Sir Hugh cry. "What mortal can do shall be

Then out spoke the wizard, in hollow tones: "Never mortal since the world began could burst that crystal wall; the glass was run in the flames below and Satan himself sealed the mold; but there is a way without delay to set you damsel free. You sword, so bright, was the sword of brave St. George, England's champion knight, and yonder horn, with carvings rare, was famed Merlin's own. No enchanter that the world ever saw could compare with him, that horn to sound or sword to draw; you ave your choice; one will break the crystal the other makes it stronger, and loses ou to the world forever."

Again the tears streamed from the lady's yes, and cautious doubt racked the brains of brave Sir Hugh.

Then fast he seized the horn of England's wisest sage, and blew so loud and shrill that it waked each marble knight to life and frightful stared the glaring eyes. With upraised brands they menaced the stranger knight. Sir Hugh, in wild alarm, cast the horn away

and drew his sword so true. A cry of deep despair came from the lady bright, and the wizard cried, in scorn:

"Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn when he might have drawn a sword!" Then breathed he full his dank breath on Sir Hugh's face and the soldier senseless sunk.

When morning came Sir Hugh awoke

Within the courtyard he lay; his raven hair had turned to snowy white, and one thought alone possessed his heart; to find the winding stair which led to the chamber low where the captive lady lay.

Years pass on, yet still he searches, no trace of reason else. But not till the night when the wizard, death, breathed on his brow, did he find bright who waited a knight her crystal tomb to

Ethelynde's Trade.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You're sure you won't have me, then, Asa Burchell's honest voice quivered a little

as he spoke, and a troubled light came into his eyes as he essayed to caress the little brown and that was so suddenly snatched from the

top rail of the lane fence.
"I know I ain't no mate for you, Lindy," he said, deprecatingly, his freckled face growing ruddy as he observed her quick flush of embarrassment; "I know you're a born lady, if there ever was one, if you do be only mother's chore-girl. But I've b'en settin' a store by you, Lindy, ever sence you came to the farm, nigh on five year ago, a little, pale, thin creetur', withouten father or mother.

The girl's splendid black eyes filled with ears, and a transient smile hovered around her

dainty mouth. "Your family, and you too, Asa, have been o good to me; and you mustn't say you're not it for me; because—because I have to say no -because I don't love you, Asa—as I ought to o be your wife.

had such a tender, womanly way of speaking; such a sweet, clear voice, such a dainty, inbred delicacy about her, that you ald, too, have said she was a lady.
Well," the young farmer said, after a time

"if you say no, why—why. I suppose I can stan' it," and as he spoke, Ethelynde saw his

"I am sorry," she said, simply. "I am so sorry, Asa. But after I'm gone, you will easily forget me." "And you'll remember nobody but Squire

Thorn's son. Oh, Lindy !-- if-' And then a quick, firm step crunching over

the grass brought his words to a sudden stop He had no need to look to see who was the in truder, for Ethelynde's flushed face told its own secret.
"Miss Ethel!—Mr. Burchell! I am not in-

truding? Asa moved slowly away, after a bow to his rival, and then young Thorn turned to her with

"My darling! I was so anxious to see you again. You'll not chide me for coming so soon for the 'yes' I know is in reserve for

He bent his head so close to hers that a tres of his golden hair swept lovingly against her purple-black curls. But she drew back, with a

quiet grace and dignity.
"I have not yet said 'yes,' Mr. Thorn. I shall not say so, until I return from New York, six months hence."

His countenance darkened with a frown. "And so you persist in learning the odious trade of tailoring? Remember, Ethelynde, my parents have such odd prejudices against a

rade for their son's wife Ethelynde's eyes flashed a moment.
"It is a little singular then, is it not, that they consent to your marrying a servant?'

Thorn brushed back a tiny spiral of hair that had fallen over her forehead. "Nonsense, little girlie! You know you are the same as a daughter to Farmer Burchell and

But hardly a sister to our graceful She instantly resented the sarcasm he in-

"You shall not ridicule Asa, Mr. Thorn. He has always been a dear brother to me."

Thorn smiled; then took a bunch of violets that she had deftly fastened in her hair.

Since you refuse to say me yea, Ethel, dear,

perhaps you will divide this fragrant bouquet with me, and send me your half when you mean you will take me?" blushed and smiled, and took the half of

the blooms. "I will do so. And whenever your people object to your marrying a bona fide tailoress, send me your half as a token. Will you?"

A slight expression of annoyance crossed his face for a brief moment. Then he laughed it off.
"It is a bargain. Now, Ethel, tell me when

Then, under the flickering shadows of the horse-chestnut, they two sat down in friendly converse; while, swinging his scythe in the hot summer sun, his big, grand heart wounded to the quick, Asa Burchell watched them and fought his love for Ethelynde Hope.

A large, softly-carpeted room, whose atmosphere was redolent of fragrant flowers, whose light came dimly in through daintily-tinted glass around the lower part of the walls that were hung with crimson draperies, that streamed, clear as the crystal dome through which it came, on upper rows of elegantly-carved brackets, which upheld marble busts and graceful statuettes, and lighting radiantly the glowing hits of summer skies, and watered glens, and

Ethelynde Hope sat in the middle of it all; a fair, regal woman, whose purple-black hair had lost none of its wavy richness, whose dreamy eyes were as sweet and deep as ten years be-fore, when she had left the farm to learn her

Ten years! and she was to have been made a

Ten years! and she was to have been made a tailoress of in six months, and gone back to the Burchells and fulfilled her destiny in cutting and making the "Sunday go-to-meetin's" of the family and neighborhood.

But she had thwarted that, all very singularly. Now, after these ten years—and they had not been very happy, Ethelynde thought, as she sat in her studio, thinking, that day—now, she smiled to think how narrowly she had escaped being a tailoress. But she had escaped. caped being a tailoress. But she had escaped and her slumbering talent suddenly awoke and she found she was good for more than even

Newton Thorn dreamed of. To-day, all alone in her studio, she sat mournfully gazing on her first study-a tiny bunch of violets—and wondering where Newton Thorn and Asa Burchell were after these ten years.

Once, when she was a silly girl of sixteen, she thought she loved Newton Thorn, with his elegant manners, his stylish dress, his handsome face; and it was only when one day, about a month after she had left home, and was yet at her tailoring, that the other half of a bunch of violets came, without a word, that poor little Ethelynde discovered that Mr. Newton Thorn

After that she had not given much time or thought to lovers; she fell in love with her beautiful art, and studied and worked night and day.

She kept it a secret, too, from the Burchells; and, of course, she would not deign to explain to Mr. Thorn.

So the years wore on, until Ethelynde was twenty-two, instead of sixteen; until her name and fame went over the land, and people paid fabulous prices for her pictures—Miss Lynde's landscapes—she had entirely dropped her own name, using the first for both—Ethel Lynde. It was pretty, sounding artistic-like, and she preferred it.

Then, four years back, she learned that Mrs. Burchell had died; the farm sold, and Asa gone-no one knew where. About the same time there had come to her

an order for a companion piece to her "Fairy Dell by Moonlight;" the gentleman who wanted it could not sufficiently express his delight and admiration; and signed himself "J. New-to-Theory." At first Ethel's—we will call her so—heart

At first Ethel's—we will call her so—heart beat a little quicker than usual when she received occasional letters from him; which, from purely business communications, grew to friendly, even familiar ones, until at last—in this tenth year of her self-exile, this tenth year of her loneliness, there came a letter that seem-

of her ioneliness, there came a letter that seemed to her like a curious Fate.
"My dear Miss Lynde," it said, "permit me to hope you will not fail to honor us at Thorn Dale on May 30th. We depend on your judgment and taste entirely in the hanging of our pictures—among which so many of your own figure. If it will be a proper properties for your to have your properties for the desired when the properties of the same properties of the my inducement for you to leave your proverbial re any inducement for you to reave your proversiant retrement, there will be present a gentleman friend of mine, who has spent the last several years in Italy—Mr. Burchell—whose opinion I value highly."

Could it be Asa? Was it Asa, her honest. wkward, yeoman lover ?-now a traveled gentleman from the very land whose skies she

Somehow, into her dark eves sprung a joy that her acquaintances had never seen there be-fore; and yet it was hardly so much a joy as a And, if affairs stood as Ethel had reason to suppose they would, there was a triumph, grand

onged to see.

Squire Thorn's parlors were filled with guests, all waiting in eager anxiety for the great Miss Lynde; and Newton Thorn, dapper, handsome still, but fully ten years older stood talking to a fine-looking, quiet gentle man who was leaning against the mantel, a little apart from the guests.

and overwhelming, in store for her.

"You see I am well acquainted with Miss Lynde, Burchell, or of course I would not have presumed on an invitation. She's quite exclu-

sive, and very handsome, they say."

Asa—it really was he—smiled quietly. "You are in for it, I fear, Thorn; I hope you'll treat her better than a certain little girl we knew years ago."

Thorn smiled serenely. "Oh, that wasn't of any consequence. Miss Hope was hardly the person to bring to Thorn Dale, pretty as she was.'

Mr. Burchell's face lighted up. "I only wish I'd had the chance she gave you. I loved her dearly-I do yet. I'd give a thousand dollars if anybody would tell me where she was-my dear little Lindy.

And just then a plump brown hand stole into Asa's, and a low, sweet voice spoke. "Here I am, Asa-my dear old friend." The gentlemen turned in mute amaze, and

Ethel, with a queenly bow to Thorn, explained: "I presume you know me better as Miss Ethel Lynde. Mr. Burchell remembers little Lindy. Mr. Thorn, will you show me the pic-

tures, please?" This, his slighted love! this, his deserted sweetheart; this famous woman who moved highest among his guests, this silken-attired queen of beauty and elegance-this-little Lin

y, who was to be a tailoress! Somehow Newton Thorn could not enjoy he denouement; while Mr. Burchell did, won derfully; more particularly afterward, when he exchanged her cards for some bearing the

MRS. ETHELYNDE HOPE BURCHELL.

Take Notice!-Captain Mayne Reid's

new story, THE SPECTER BARQUE, a Tale of the Pacific, commences this week. Having been written expressly for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

On the Prairie; The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER. JR.

VI-BABY ELEPHANT'S 'POSSUM-HUNT. It has been casually hinted that our giant, Campbell Carson, was fond of 'possum. In fact, he loved 'possum better than he did his own ease. Though naturally too indolent to brush away a fly that tickled his nasal protu-berance, he would, in the worst of weather, brave a four-hour tramp through mud, slush or snow, and with one 'possum to show for it, would feel richly repaid. Then when the dainty dish was set before him—and no other of the party dare even think of cooking the treasure—Baby Elephant was the picture of content. Coiling his long legs around the steaming dish, he would inhale the peculiar odor with rapturous delight. Then with his fingers—touch steel to 'possum'? sacrilege!—to tear off the unctuous strips, drop them into the cavity, by courtesy termed mouth, closing both eyes as the massive grinders slowly met, the fat in little rivulets trickling down over his chin, from either corner of his mouth. A gasping snort of realized anticipation told when each mouthful reached its destination.

Of Missouri planter stock, Carson could boast "before the war, we owned niggers!"
Probably from some of these sable-skinned
bondsmen did he derive his 'possum-love.
Charley was as fond of eulogizing this animal
as was the immortal Porgy the domestic swine. Numberless were the scrapes into which this love led poor Baby Elephant. Were he upon the "sick-list," the word 'possum would bring im to his feet, blue eyes sparkling, mustache oristling, his mouth watering as though it asted the delicious morsel even then.

Once—a few days after our arrival at the grounds—Carson struck the trail of a 'possum, and knowing its sluggish movements, con-cluded that it must be close at hand, as the tracks were still moist. Ten minutes' search discovered the prey, just as it disappeared around a limb in a good-sized oak tree. Though Carson had his gun in hand, he would not shoot the animal, for he held that unless scientifically bled, with a knife, its delicate flavor would be impaired. So he resolved to ship up the tree

shin up the tree.

At the first limb he paused. A peculiar numming sound met his ear, and thus directed, his gaze soon rested upon a huge round ball of a grayish cast, through the center of which ran a good-sized limb. He knew what this was-a nest of the bald hornet. Only for the 'possum, Baby Elephant would have descended in a hurry, as he saw the active little warriors humming around their house, but Carson could not abandon his prize without a fight for it.

The cunning creature had crawled out upon a limb directly over the nest, and hanging by by its tail, curled its body up in a hairy knot, thus defying the hornets' sting. Along another limb, still higher, cautiously climbed Carson, and then gaining the desired position, bent over to clutch the 'possum by its tail. But the tips of his fingers barely scratched the rat-like rings. Desperate, Carson persisted, when a natural catastrophe ensued. A valiant bald hornet made a vigorous onslaught from the rear, and thus treacherously assailed, he gave a sudden start, clapping one hand to the afflicted spot; result-a cracking-a bellow-a fall, and

then an angry buzzing.

The limb breaking, had cast Carson down, first upon the 'possum, then the nest, through which his outstretched hand passed, tearing the lint structure from its perch, all reaching the ground together. With a wild yell Carson shook the nest from his hand, and—"changed his base." For once he went back on 'possum, nor did he pause to recover his gun. A dancing-master would have wept tears for his agilimarvelous yells that issued from Baby Elechant's lips, as his arms cut the air like a score of flails, his huge palms striking first one pertion of his body, then another. Not until he had plunged into the ice-cold creek could he rid himself of his tormentors. I need scarcely add that he adorned the sick-list for several days after this adventure.

Still our giant was not cured of his love for possum, and when, one day, shortly after our first attempt at wolf-poisoning, Pete Shafer told Baby Elephant that he had seen two 'possums in the creek valley where Fred Dewey had been treed by wolves, Carson was unusually industrious with his work, and shortly after supper he set forth, with Beaver, his dog, for the designated spot. Knowing Pete's foibles, we suspected a sell, but he declared that it was the

Baby Elephant made quick work of the two miles that intervened, and entering the narrow belt of timber, ax on shoulder, he sent Beaver forward to start the game. Ten minutes later came the welcome yelp, and with sparkling eyes he soon reached the spot. against the sky he could just distinguish the animal, and a few sturdy strokes of the sharp ax brought the sapling to the ground, wher Beaver pounced upon the hairy ball. Baby Elephant's powerful grip soon straightened out the animal, and then his keen knife scientifically bled it. With 'possum slung to belt, he urged Beaver on to fresh victories.

The upper end of the valley was nearly reached before Beaver's sharp yelping again woke the echoes, and, as before, Carson found the dog at the foot of a small sapling. He saw at a glance that the ax would be of little service here, for the trees grew so closely together hat a dozen might be cut clean off without one falling to the ground. But an old 'possumhunter is not to be daunted by trifles, and though not of the best possible build for climbing, Baby Elephant began shinning up the designated tree.

Resting upon the first limb to regain breath. Carson Carson peered anxiously above him. A chuckle of satisfaction broke from his lips as he noted the dark knot that closely hugged one of the topmost branches. Now confident of his prey—for the 'possum never attempts escape by flight from his human foe—he proceeded more leisurely. There was a peculiar pleasure in thus delaying the capture, as he anticipated the feed in his mind, picturing his en viable sensations as the unctuous morsels

would glide gratefully adown his gullet Busy with these imaginings, Baby Elephant gained the tree-top, and finding it begin trem oling beneath his weight, debated in his mind as to whether he should not shake the 'possum to the ground, where Beaver would secure it until he could descend. But this was quickly negatived, and advancing a few feet, he cau-tiously outstretched his hand; he must gain another foot first. With care he secured this ad vance, and then, with a chuckle, clutched the animal.

But he did not hold it long. Something struck him. From the tip of his wolf-skin car to the buffalo moccasins that covered his feet, he received the charge

Baby Elephant is not partial to perfumes in any guise, but this peculiar variety is his abomination. And to speak candidly, it was not of that sort usually found upon the toilet-stands

of young ladies. Though powerful to a fault and most lasting, it has never been copyrighted. In fine, the 'possum was a skunk!

Carson's broad face, upturned, received the full benefit of the dose; his eyes were blinded, and with a hoarse, bellowing cry, he relaxed his grip and crashed downward through the frail limbs. It seemed as though a shower of liquid fire had been poured over his person. For a time he was nearly crazy.

For a time he was nearly crazy.

As Carson fell, the shock cast the animal to the ground, and as it touched, Beaver pounced upon it. Using both teeth and tail, the little brute fought desperately, and the two, with Baby Elephant, were rolling over the ground in a confused heap, first one uppermost, then another. Carson now became fearfully wroth as the smarting fluid burned deeper, and he seized the animal. Clutching its throat, he crushed its skull with his heavy fist, pummeline its the blad with the server of the server of

ing it to a shapeless mass.
It took an hour's bathing in the creek before Baby Elephant could clear his eyes sufficiently to find his way home, and his great distress may be imagined from his forgetting the bona fide 'possum, leaving it and the ax beneath the

What a chorus of yells greeted him as he burst into the dug-out where we were busy graining and stretching skins! To cap the climax, Beaver bounded in and deposited before his master the mock-'possum, then uttering a yelp of delight, looked up at Baby Elephant for approval, but receiving instead a vicious kick. As we recovered from the shock, Carson was bundled out of doors and ordered to strip to the buff, and either bury his clothes

or throw them into the creek.

It will be a long time before he forgets our aughter and jests as he cropped short his bril-iant hair, pet "mutton-chops" and mustache, hen fiercely scoured his person with pulverized clay to remove the scent that, however, clung to him for days. Still, even this mishap did not wean Baby Elephant from his first love, and if you wish to gain a friend for life, just invite Carson to a "'possum-roast."

Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I was young, I used to write beautiful poetry. (I do not claim this sentence is original.) Whenever I went to an evening arty, I would always manage to discover that party, I would always manage to discover that I had my last poem with me, and I would consent to the urgent calls of my pride to read it before the company. They always went into tears, no matter what was the nature of the epic. Indeed, they got so used to crying that, if ever I would accidentally rattle a letter in my pocket, they began to weep. Oh, the poetry was beautiful! The compositors always went, when they set it up, and a single ways wept when they set it up, and a single piece of four verses sometimes, or oftener, swamped four men in half an hour at fifty swamped four men in half an hour at fifty cents a thousand ems. It began to be serious. The subscribers to the weekly paper grew melancholy, and began to care so little for worldly things that they refused to pay their subscriptions. I showed the last poem I wrote to my father. The old gentleman stifled his tears; he laid the paper gently down on a bed of coals in the fireplace; he called me into a room; said he. "Young man there is poetry room; said he, "Young man, there is poetry in you and I shall bring it out of you;" he took a cowhide; he hadn't much of an appetite, and wanted exercise; every time it came down I went up. I wept many yells, and—whenever the old gent looked into my room at night, I wasn't writing poetry.

THE other day an old rich friend of mine came to me and offered me a thousand dollars, as a mark of respect. I refused to take it; he insisted; I told him I wouldn't have it; he tried to force it on me, until I got out of patience and told him I would put him out of the house if he didn't stop bothering me about it. I never saw a man make such a fool of him. ver saw a man make such a fool of himelf as he did; he stood there and begged me or half an hour to take it; finally he threw it down on my table and walked out, when I got up and threw it out the door after him; he put it sadly in his pocket-book and walked off. He certainly will not annoy me that way again; I don't want anybody to. What do I want with a thousand dollars?

I LATELY lost my pocketbook. It had my name in it, and I don't want to lose that; I don't know what I would do if I did. It contained among other jewelry a washerwoman's bill, which the finder may go and liquidate; a draft for a-well, for a new front door; a cerficate of deposit with my baker, showing I had paid him my last week's bill; and money in bills of various denominations to the amount of thirty-five cents. The finder may keep every thing if he will only return my name

Once, when a boy, I had a good chance to catch a rat by the tail, and I did so. I have often wondered since why I didn't catch him by the head; it would have been so much better, for the rat felt offended by the treatment, and took me by the hand. I let go his tail, and we had to dissect that rat before we could persuade him to let go. I made a great mistake.

A LITTLE boy down town lately put a slow match to some wet powder. As it hung fire, he bent down over it to see if it was burning. He found that it was-he is sure of that. That is about the only recollection he has just now; all other things are vanity.

WHEN I sleep in the morning, I do despise to hear any noise of any kind. I have given my family particular instructions when they come to call me to breakfast to call me in a whisper, or slip a note under the door, so they won't wake me. THERE is a small town out West in which you would have to dig down about sixteen thou-

sand feet till you came to the first layer of the original inhabitants before you could find an honest man. THE reason some old women are called gos-

sips, I think, is because they give other people "goss" while they sip their tea—but this is merely a "sup" position. THE man that never laughs amounts to nohing-I will be generous, and say nothing and

IF some fellows wished to go to a masked ball they could effectually disguise themselves by going in the character of gentlemen.

When the rains make the ground partake of the general softness of spring, it is said to be the time that tries men's soles.

I LIKE to see a man throw some genuine enthusiasm into his work, whether he is penning poetry or peeling potatoes.

A WRITER apologizes for wearing holes in

his hat by saying they are convenient to let ideas into his head.

Wно painted the signs of the times?